

# PUCK



Price  
25¢

# CHRISTMAS 1899

FRANK A. HANKIVELL  
1899



IT IS EASY TO PROVE THAT

## PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY'S CHAMPAGNE

is as good in every respect as Imported. Prejudice, however, may prevent some persons from trying it, and therefore from being convinced. Nine persons in ten could not, in a test, distinguish the Imported Champagne from the Pleasant Valley Wine Co.'s **Great Western Brand**.

The reason for this equality of quality lies in the fact that Pleasant Valley Champagne is produced by methods exactly similar to those used in France. About three years (as in France) is required from the beginning of the process until it is ready for the market.

Pleasant Valley Champagne is not a "charged" wine; the "fizz" is produced by the natural fermentation of the juice as in the Imported.

It is as wholesome as is the Imported—perhaps more so, and is equal in flavor.

It is an American product, and is one of the many now being produced in the United States equal or superior in merit to the Imported. Moreover, the cost is one-half.

The quality of the vintage offered this season is universally pleasing.

If interested, you can satisfy yourself as to these statements at a small expense.

Sold by all wine dealers of consequence, and is to be had also at first-class clubs, cafés, restaurants and hotels.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., SOLE MAKERS, RHEIMS, N. Y.

## THE CLUB = COCKTAILS



MANHATTAN,  
WHISKY,  
TOM GIN,  
MARTINI,  
HOLLAND GIN,  
VERMOUTH,  
YORK and  
PLYMOUTH.

Years of experience have verified the theory that a Cocktail made of the best materials and aged is infinitely better than those prepared as wanted. As a Cocktail is substantially a blend of different

liquors, and as the oldest distillers are a unit in admitting that all blends improve with age, it must be accepted as a fact, ratified by the general experience of the trade, that an aged mixed drink of any kind is superior to one made as wanted. Cocktails as served over bars are made entirely by guess, while the Club Cocktails are aged all ready for use, and require only to be poured over cracked ice and strained off to be in perfect condition. They are made entirely by actual weight and measurement, and admitting that the same quality of materials are used in both cases, the wholesale form of making must be the only way of getting Cocktails of uniform quality. Thousands have discarded the idea of trying to mix their own Cocktails; all will when they have given The Club Brand a fair trial. Avoid imitations.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, New York, London.

*If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*

Whether it comes as an old and trusted friend to preserve for us the delightful memories of a holiday house party or whether it comes as a gift

## THE KODAK IS A WELCOME CHRISTMAS GUEST.

The Kodak's Convenience especially adapts it to making flash pictures at times when jollity reigns and one doesn't wish to be bothered with the annoying details of a complicated mechanism.

Kodak Film doubles the charm of out-door winter photography by its possession of that quality which preserves the striking cloud effects without double exposure or the use of a color screen.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

Rochester, N. Y.

Kodak Catalogue and beautifully illustrated booklet, "Kodak Effects" free at the dealers or by mail.



STOUT

# EVANS

ALE



A Dealer Near You  
Sells Them.

If you can't find him write to us.

C. H. EVANS & SONS, Brewers, Maltsters and Bottlers. Established, 1786. Hudson, N. Y.



## EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES,

RHEINSTROM BROS.,

Manufacturers of

Eagle Liqueurs Eagle Maraschino Cherries  
Eagle Bitters Eagle Crystallized Liqueurs  
Eagle Fruit Syrups Eagle Popular Cocktails  
Eagle Brandy

### NOVENA RYE

(America's Model Whiskey.)

Buyers are advised to avoid taking imitations of our goods. See that The Eagle or "Eagle Liqueur Distilleries" is on each package.

Write for handsomely illustrated catalogue, printed in colors, free for the asking.

EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES,  
RHEINSTROM BROS., Cincinnati, U. S. A.

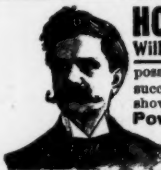
945-967 Main St., 946-966 East Front St.

### JOHN D. LENNON,

MANUFACTURER OF

Masonic, Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows, Firemen and Police Medals and Badges. Fine Presentation Jewels, Emblems and Badges a Specialty. 75 and 77 Nassau Street, New York.

**Bright's Disease** IS CAUSED BY URIC ACID IN THE BLOOD. OUR REMEDY REMOVES THE ACID, BURN FICE, DIABETES, STONE IN THE BLADDER, AND WHOLESALE. SWISS AMERICAN CO. DETROIT, MICH.



### HOW TO SUCCEED

Will Power and Personal Magnetism insure the otherwise impossible, making friends and business success. All possess this power. We show you how to use it. "Key to Power" 30 cents or 15 cents and addresses of three ministers, teachers or physicians. Circulars FREE. Address, NATIONAL INST. OF SCIENCE, Dept. P. K., Chicago.

# Free Cure for Baldness.



MRS. J. S. WEED.

## HER HAIR RETURNS.

Remarkable Action of a New and Wonderful Cure for Baldness.

Lady Prominent in G. A. R. Circles Regains Her Hair Although Past Fifty.

Mrs. J. S. Weed, Treasurer of Swartz Corps No. 91, W.R.C., with headquarters at New Albany, Bradford Co., Pa., owes a luxuriant growth of hair to a new and valuable remedy discovered by a Cincinnati Dispensary. In response to their offer to send free trials of their preparations, Mrs. Weed used the remedies and although she was past fifty years of age, at a time in life when people imagine their baldness is hopeless, her hair grew out with astonishing luxuriance, much to her surprise and delight. Mrs. Weed kindly consented to permit her photographs to be sketched, one taken some time ago when she was prematurely bald and a later one taken recently show-

ing the beautiful effects of this remarkable hair grower.

The remedy is not a new experiment and no one need fear that it is harmful. It cured John Bruner, Postmaster of Millville, Henry Co., Ind., and he strongly urges everyone to try it. A Methodist preacher, Victor A. Faigaux, of Tracy City, Tenn., was perfectly bald on his forehead for many years, but has now a fine growth. Mrs. C. W. Castleman, 843 Main St., Riverside, Cal., reports her husband's shiny head now covered with soft, fine hair, and she, too, has derived wonderful benefit. Among others who have used the remedy is the wife of Geo. Diefenbach, General Agent of the Big Four R. R. of Dayton, Ohio, who was entirely cured of baldness.

The President of Fairmount College, Sulphur, Ky., Prof. B. F. Turner, was bald for thirty years and now has a splendid growth of hair from having tried this remarkable remedy.

The remedy also cures itching and dandruff, sure signs of approaching baldness, and keeps the scalp healthy and vigorous. It also restores gray hair to natural color and produces thick and lustrous eyebrows and eyelashes. By sending your name and address to the Altemheim Medical Dispensary, 364 Butterfield Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, they will mail you prepaid a free trial of their remarkable remedy.



### A HOPELESS QUEST.

HE CHRISTMAS BELLS were a-pealing loud,  
They clanged uncommon strong  
As I met a man with a care-worn face  
Who strode in the human throng.  
"Oh! come," he cried, "and relieve my mind.  
Oh! say, ere I fall and weep:  
On your paltry life, can I get my wife  
A Christmas gift she will keep?"

"I've looked at seals for women slim,  
And Persian lamb for the same;  
I've studied rings till my eyes are crossed,  
I've walked the stores till I'm lame.  
There is no sight I have not seen  
As a matter of pride, I vow  
From a hatpin sharp to a gilded harp  
I've wrinkled in vain my brow.

"And now, Oh! tell me the simple truth.  
Is there one thing that's known  
For the bride of a man, that he may choose,  
Which she would joy to own?  
For nights I've tossed on a restless bed  
Without one wink of sleep;  
'Tis a matter of strife to get my wife  
A Christmas gift she will keep!"

Then I took this luckless one aside  
And I said: "Unhappy man!  
When you've been married a few more years  
You'll learn to do what you can:  
You'll let your wife, as you have done,  
Select while you sit still;  
And when, with shrift, she has picked her gift  
You will meekly pay the bill."

Tom Masson.

### IN MONEYED CIRCLES.

SHE.—And what do you think of giving our son-in-law for Christmas?  
HE.—I hardly know. If the Legislature were in session I might get him some valuable franchise.

THE PEOPLE who think they are not appreciated fail to take into consideration the law of supply and demand.


DRESS IS certainly an empty vanity with some people in it.



APPROVED.

MAMA.—Well, how do you like your new dolly?  
ETHEL (ecstatically).—Oh, Mama! Santa Claus has such good taste!





You can almost go to  
sleep in a barber's  
chair when

# PEARS' SHAVING STICK

is used, it works so  
smooth and easy.

It produces the richest, most softening and lasting lather of any soap in the world and it is by far the best shaving stick for home use.

Pears' was the inventor of shaving stick soap.

Established over 100 years.  
20 International Awards.

*All rights secured.*

# The Family Circle

**Is Protected by THE PRUDENTIAL**

THE various plans of policies, Ordinary, Intermediate and Industrial, issued by The Prudential, embrace every member of the family, from one year old to seventy, and in amounts from \$15 to \$100,000. All in good health may secure Life Insurance proportionate to their needs and purchasing ability.  
Write for full information and description of policies for profitable investment and protection.

**THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY**  
OF AMERICA  
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. (Please mention this publication) HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

THE WORLD is about as bad as it was before the Deluge; that is to say, irrigation has to be persisted in if it is to be permanently successful.

## AN OBJECT LESSON.

"The rumble of the 'EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS' is heard 'round the world."—*New York Press.*

**The "EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS"** of the New York Central is the fastest long distance passenger train in the world. Between New York and Buffalo, 440 miles in 495 minutes. A mileage ticket (\$8.80) is good on this train. No excess fare. . . .

**The "SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED"** is a superbly equipped train by the New York Central and Big Four Route between New York and Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis. Splendid service. No extra fare. . . .

**The "NEW YORK AND CHICAGO SPECIAL,"** as its name implies, runs between New York and Chicago via New York Central, Lake Shore and Michigan Central Railroads. Service is perfect. Time quick. . . .

**The "PAN-AMERICAN EXPRESS"** is the New York Central's new train. Furnishes the best possible night service between New York and Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Toronto. No excess fare. Two-cent mileage tickets accepted. . . .

**"THE LAKE SHORE LIMITED"** of the New York Central. The most magnificently equipped and luxuriously appointed train in the world. Between New York and Chicago in 24 hours. Accommodations of a first-class hotel. . . .

**The "WESTERN EXPRESS"** is the New York Central's early evening train from New York to Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo, Chicago and the West. A dining-car serves all meals. Connects in Chicago with all western lines. No excess fare. . . .

**The "SOUTHWESTERN EXPRESS"** is a new and splendidly equipped evening train between New York and Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis and all southwestern points by the New York Central. No excess fare.

**The "NEW YORK AND DETROIT SPECIAL"** of the New York Central is the latest addition to the already comprehensive service. Fast time between New York and Detroit. Superb equipment. Dining Car. No excess fare. . . .

A copy of "The Luxury of Modern Railway Travel" will be sent free, post-paid, to any address, upon receipt of a one-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

# PUCK'S CHRISTMAS CARD.

*Miss Grace Dailing,*  
It gives me pleasure to announce that through the kindness of  
Mr. Upsilon Downes  
I will brighten your home for fifty-two successive weeks.  
Cordially Yours, Puck.

**AMONG THE THINGS  
THAT XMAS BRINGS  
WHAT IS BETTER THAN LAUGHTER THAT RINGS  
CLEAR AND FREE  
IN A REVELRY  
THAT MAKES BETTER FRIENDS OF YOU AND ME.**

Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as

## A Suitable Christmas Present

but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription Book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card designed by C. J. TAYLOR, of which this reduced sketch gives the design in outline.

This card, (size 7x4 3/4 inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

**Now, here is something tangible to give;  
To send by mail to distant dear ones;  
To put in the stocking, or to lay under the X-mas tree.**

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a suitable X-mas Present.

Address PUCK, NEW YORK.



#### A REVISION.

"What 's that rule about gift horses?" asked Pipp.

"Never look a gift horse in the mouth," replied Spatts.

"I have revised it for Christmas."

"How?"

"Never look a Christmas gift book, except in the binding."

#### ENCOMIUMS.

"She seems to have no desire but for other peoples' happiness."

"I know it. She is one of the most admirable listeners I have ever talked to."

THE SCREAM of the eagle is not made any more musical by being mingled with the discordant note of the round robin.

#### If you have found out

that your cigars "are not what they used to be," try a bundle of

## VAN BIBBER Little Cigars

They are made of the very best—whole leaf—imported tobacco, never vary in quality, and are a surprisingly good little cigar for a short smoke.

10 in a bundle for 25 cents,

at your dealer's, or trial package in pocket pouch, by return mail, prepaid anywhere, at same price (in postage stamps), direct from factory.

A Solid Silver curved box worth \$15.00 made to hold 10 Van Bibber Little Cigars given FREE! Write for fac-simile booklet of all particulars.

H. Ellis & Co., Baltimore, Md.  
The American Tobacco Co., Successor.

## Libby's Mince Meat

### Makes a Pie That Melts in Your Mouth

Those who know Libby's delicious Mince Meat never bother with the labor of making a winter's supply of home-made.

Libby's is so convenient, whole-some, pure.

Put up in packages enough for two large mince pies.


Ask your grocer or write

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.  
Drop a postal for booklet, new edition, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

IT IS better to be right than to run for President and see the other fellow get the electoral votes.

**CORTLANDT - 3 in.**  
**SCHUYLER - 2 3/4 in.**  
**LIVINGSTON - 2 1/2 in.**

**ORONDO - 2 3/4 in.**  
**VINSON - 2 1/2 in.**  
**SORRENTO - 2 1/4 in.**



# HOLMES & IDE COLLARS

The man who wants the most style, comfort and long wear in his collars and cuffs ought to wear the H. & I. Brand. For more than thirty years we have been making the latest styles in collars and cuffs for men, women and children. Our goods are the most varied in style, are always right up to the minute and contain the very best and most reliable materials. These pictures represent our newest and most popular collars for evening and morning wear. Of course we make all kinds of collars for all sorts of men and all possible occasions. These are simply two of them. If your dealer can't supply you with H. & I. collars send us 25 cents, naming your size and the style and height you prefer, and we will send you two of the most satisfactory collars you ever wore. Send for our free "Style Book for Men," or our "Style Book for Women and Children," or both, if you wish. They show just what collars ought to be worn—the very latest and best.

**HOLMES & IDE, DEPARTMENT P, TROY, N. Y.**



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#### FAME'S CARESSES.

UNCLE HIRAM.—You remember Jake Heckman that useter live here in Basswood Corners? He was a kinder no-account feller. No one s'posed he'd ever amount ter much. Well, sir, an' I seen it with my own eyes down ter de drug-store, that feller's picture is in an almanac advertisin' Dr. Scrunch's Anti-Catarrhal Pellets.

UNCLE SILAS.—Sho! You don't say? Who'd have thought it? Well, Basswood Corners boys always git ter the front.

Again to the front for the Holidays, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator, *Dr. Siegel's Anagostura Bitters* (from South America), the only genuine. No Christmas or New Year's table complete without it. Beware of imitations and domestic substitutes.

THE PIONEER LIMITED.—Only Perfect Train in the world. Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Address for free illustrated, descriptive booklet, Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

## PUCK'S LIBRARY

is the greatest purely humorous publication in the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

IT IS ISSUED THE FIRST WEDNESDAY OF EACH MONTH.

Price 10 Cents per Copy.

Subscription \$1.00 per Year.

For Sale at every News Stand in the Country.

#### COLD.

"Let me offer you myself as a Christmas present, Mildred, dear," said young Mr. Goslin.

"I accept only useful Christmas gifts, thank you, Mr. Goslin!" replied the maiden.

#### CLEAN.

"You are an adventuress!" he hissed.

"No, no!" protested the woman, tearfully; "my hands are clean!"

Ah, true! But might not a person be an adventuress without smoking cigarettes, and might not she smoke cigarettes without staining her fingers?

These were the foolish doubts that tortured the mind of Foster St. Cyr in that supreme moment.

The Purest Soap Afloat

## Wool Soap

The soap for the every-day soap tray

Swift and Company, Makers, Chicago



### The Improved BOSTON GARTER

The Standard for Gentlemen.  
**ALWAYS EASY.**  
The Name "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop.

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never slips, tears nor unfastens.  
Every Pair Warranted.  
**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**  
Sample Pair, Silk 50c, Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.  
**GEO. FROST CO.**  
Makers  
Boston, Mass.

EVEN "STRIKING FACTS" find it hard to land their blows on some folks.

# "A ROYAL SMOKE"



10 cents for 10. No other Little Cigars are packed in a Curved Box.

## Bengal Little Cigars

are to cigar-smokers and all who smoke Little Cigars what Old English Curve Cut pipe tobacco is to pipe-

smokers—the best quality at the lowest possible cost for that quality. The tobacco in Bengal Little Cigars costs twice as much as the tobacco used in any other little cigars that are sold for 10 cents!

**Send us 10 cts.** in postage stamps for a trial box of ten—and try them critically. Bengal Little Cigars do not have "that sharp, biting taste," and are a cigar-smoker's smoke. This is the first advertisement of them to the public, and we want you to judge them strictly on their merit—in comparison with any other little cigars you can buy for 10 cents.

## BENGAL LITTLE CIGARS

are hand-made, are "Perfecto" shape, draw not too freely, burn evenly, stay lighted, and are really agreeable and desirable. The new curved box in which they are packed is most convenient and does not take up any unnecessary room in the pocket. It keeps them from breaking and also keeps them from "drying out," so that Bengal Little Cigars will always be found in perfect condition for pleasant smoking. They will save you their cost over and over if you will only use them for short-time smokes instead of lighting a large cigar and throwing it away half smoked.

We will send a box of 10 to any one, anywhere, by return mail on receiving 10 cents in stamps with name and address plainly written.

*Please write BENGAL on the envelope.*

*Mention this paper.*

The American Tobacco Co., 111 Fifth Avenue, New-York, N. Y.





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### CASTE.

I.

Oh! once on a time — 't was some  
years since —  
A Princess of earth loved a Fairy  
Prince —  
With love she grew quite pale.  
She met him out on the wold by night,  
And he kissed her hands by the wan  
moonlight,  
And he kissed her brow so fair and  
white;  
Then he kissed her lips, red-poppy  
bright.  
(List to my fairy tale!)

II.

She told her love to her Papa grim,  
But little encouragement got from  
him.  
He shrieked in rising scale:  
"I've always considered fairies low,  
The wearing of wings is n't *comme il*  
*faut*;  
'T would be quite embarrassing, you  
know —  
You sha' n't disgrace the family so!"  
(List to my fairy tale!)

III.

Then the Prince took her off to Fairy  
Land.  
He presented her to his Mama and  
The court in the fairy vale;  
And he stepped to his royal Mama's  
side  
And said: "This maid is my chosen  
bride."  
"This never will do!" the Queen she  
cried.  
"A *mesalliance* I can't abide!"  
(List to my fairy tale!)

IV.

"She's only a Princess of mortal birth  
And, of course, may do very well on  
earth."  
(I'd not like to say she'd rail,  
But her voice with scorn waxed high  
and clear.)  
"She'd be hardly received at all up  
here  
By the best society, my dear —  
These mortals are so decidedly queer!"  
(List to my fairy tale!)

V.

Said the Court Physician: "Your  
Majestee,  
Their temperaments do not agree."  
(In a voice to make one quail.)  
"You must certainly see that I am  
right,  
This pair makes an inharmonious  
sight:  
One of the twain, it is plain, should be  
light,  
And t' other should be as black as  
night —"  
(List to my fairy tale!)

VI.

"While his eyes are blue and hers  
are too.  
This state of affairs *will never do*!"  
From behind her starry veil,  
That down from her small head floats  
and clings,  
A little fairy court lady sings:  
"These mortals must be most horrid  
things!  
Why, the creature *has n't any wings*!"  
(List to my fairy tale!)

VII.

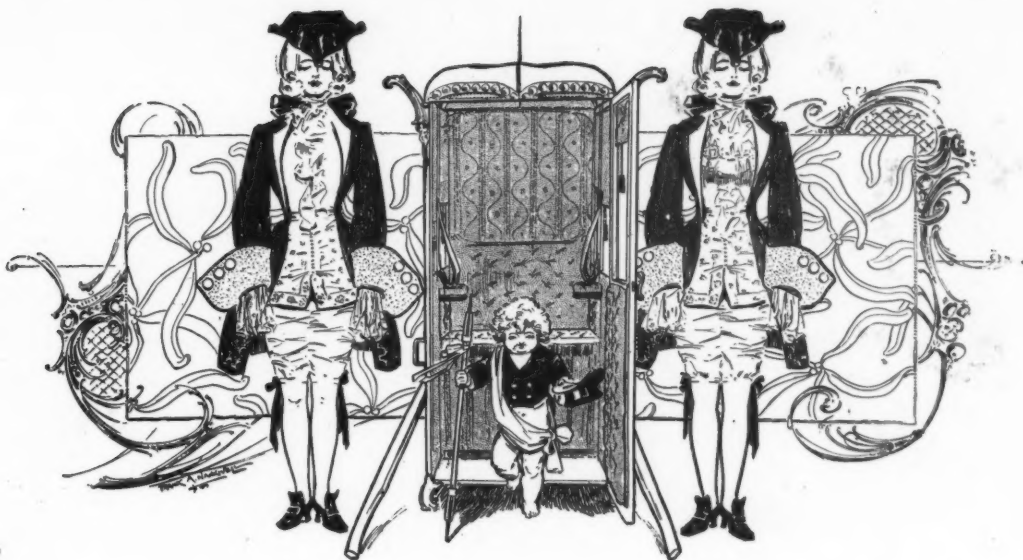
Then the fairy court cried, one and all,  
That it *certainly would not do at all*!  
They piped through all the vale  
That the Princess was an *utter fright*,  
That her accent was provincial, quite,  
Her style of dress was a *perfect sight*!  
And they criticized till the fall of  
night.  
(List to my fairy tale!)

VIII.

But all their arguments could n't  
convince  
That headstrong, foolish, young Fairy  
Prince,  
For he loved the maiden pale —  
Though they talked from April first  
till May.  
And used him up in a terrible way.  
So they shut him tight in a flower,  
they say,  
And she tends that flower till this  
very day.  
(List to my fairy tale!)

O'Neill Latham.





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#### A GRAVE SUBJECT.

HE.—Oh! why won't you marry me? I'm dead in love with you.  
SHE.—Well, it's your funeral!

#### A SUSPICIOUS INVITATION.

HIS DAUGHTER.—This is an invitation to dinner, and they say it is to be a formal affair.

MR. CRIPPLECREEK.—A formal affair! I wonder if that means that there won't be anything much to eat?

#### WHERE HE COULD USE IT.

PARKE.—You have n't seen the beautiful chair my wife sent me for Christmas, have you?

LANE.—Why, no; and I was up to your house, yesterday!

PARKE.—Oh! she had it sent to my club.

#### TOO MUCH ON HIS MIND.

TEACHER.—How is it that you can't remember any more of what you read?

PUPIL.—Well, that's on account of stopping to count one after a comma and two after a semicolon and so on.

FEW OF our friends would do as much for us as we would do for them if they deserved it.

SOME OF the people whom we feel sorry for could give us valuable points in regard to contentment.

"THE EARLY BIRD," as the suburban moralist puts it, "catches the train."

#### AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.



"Come, Brutus, I will take some lunch."



"I will tie you right here, old man."

#### ALL ALIKE.

HUSBAND.—Do you think we can afford to give away so many Christmas presents, dear?

WIFE.—That's no argument. The people who give us presents can't afford it, either.

#### THE WAY HE FELT ABOUT IT.

"Bobby," said his mother, despairingly, at the Christmas dinner, "if you eat anything more you'll surely be sick."

"Well, Mother," said Bobby, with the peculiarly resigned air which accompanies an expectation of the inevitable, "if I ain't, I shall certainly be ashamed of myself."

#### GRAY MATTER SCUFFED OUT.

"That candy man lost his mind on account of money."

"Big finances to handle?"

"No; he went crazy trying to please small boys who want to get seven different kinds of candy for four cents."

#### A MENTAL EFFECT.

"Marie, why on earth did n't you look pleasant when you had your photograph taken?"

"I could n't Edmund; I kept thinking how you would scold if I did n't."

IN DOING evil that good may come there is not always a realization on the investment.

THERE ARE too many banana peels, so to speak, on the pathway to Success.



"Ah! the Dutch know how to serve a lunch!"



"I don't seem able to teach that dog table manners! Down, Brutus!"



"—Down!"



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### AN EDUCATOR.

EDITOR POKEVILLE BANNER (*addressing school*).—Now, children, I suppose you all know that a newspaper is a public educator?

HEAD SCHOLAR.—Yes, sir. Teacher brings a copy of your paper to school with her every day.

EDITOR.—Ah!—and what then?

SCHOLAR.—Why, she makes the grammar class pick out all the grammatical errors in your editorials, and she makes the infant class pick out all the errors of spelling and punctuation!

### REVERIE.



WAS THINKING about what I had had for supper. An omelet, no doubt, and a salad, too, distributed through which were unexpected shrimps,—an oily cordial, seven dewy bottles of the creamiest of beer, and cottage cheese *ad libitum*. And Reginald had taken me home to his flat.

But now, I lay chained in a prison cell, with bread and butter an inevitable diet. I was a prisoner for what? For stealing kisses from the Princess Madeline. Yes, ever was a woman's kiss a snare! And, like the Knave of Hearts, I was repentant now. He stole the Queen's tarts (on a Summer's day); but, foolish Knave! he should have stolen the sweet queen, herself, and opened up a bake-shop with a "baker's man." Thus, Cupid, with a mask and pistols, should have checkmated the Princess Madeline: "Your kisses or your life!" And, then, she would have thrown herself so carelessly into my arms and said: "Take thou my life!"... The King, who had imprisoned me, now sent a herald, saying I must give the kisses back. (At the suggestion of the Princess.)

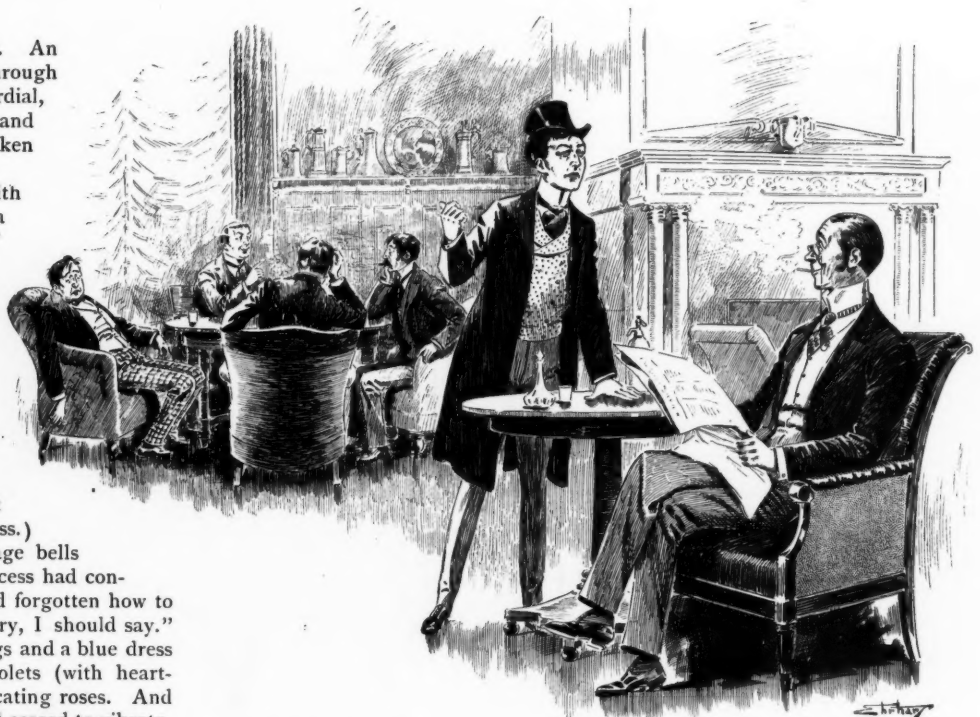
As I was introduced before the court, the marriage bells began to ring. The King intended a surprise: the Princess had confessed her love. She said (the King insisted) that I had forgotten how to shave, and that my chin felt—"looked like a strawberry, I should say."

And now she stood before the altar, in red stockings and a blue dress and a veil, all delicately sprinkled with the palest violets (with heart-shaped leaves). The maids were laden down with suffocating roses. And now the bishop and the cardinals advance. The bells had ceased to vibrate, and the orchestra was breathing "Lohengrin."

"One moment," said the bishop, and his voice was singularly harsh and shrill; "there's something that I wish to ask the gentleman... Excuse me, sir," said he; "the breakfast bell has rung five times, and if you don't come down, why Katie can't make-up the beds."

What, ho! Could it be eight o'clock so soon?

Paul T. Gilbert.



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### A SURE WAY.

SPACER.—I say, old chap, come over and tell us a few bright things that boy of yours says, will you?

ONLYONE.—Why—er—really—

SPACER.—You see, it's like this: Scribbler is boring the party to death with some of his stale jokes, and we want to get rid of him!





FRANK A. MCKIVELL  
95

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Love no longer uses arrows,  
Bow and all discarded are;  
But the heart of man he harrows  
Through attack more deadly, far.

# LOVE'S ARROWS OBSOLETE.

Once an archer bold, now, marry,  
He is so domestic. Who 'll  
Dare to hope his wiles to parry—  
Cupid keeps a cooking-school.

To the maidens fair he tenders  
Sage advice about the biz,  
For the stoutest heart surrenders  
When the stomach tickled is.

Edwin L. Sabin.



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### SOMETHING WRONG.

MRS. KIDDBY.—Oh, William! Something is the matter with Willy, I am sure! I am going to send for the doctor this very day. He has some sort of brain trouble, I am certain!

KIDDBY (*astounded*).—Brain trouble? Heavens! What makes you think so?

MRS. KIDDBY (*tearfully*).—Why, he has had those new Christmas toys for five hours and he has n't broken one yet!

### AN IDEAL LOVER.

HE (*as the drop-scene falls*).—Well, what do you think of the first act?

SHE.—Oh! the first act is so merely preliminary!

HE.—But it introduces us to the hero and heroine.

SHE.—Not to the hero, I am sure.

HE.—Yes. Count Rupert is the hero and lover.

SHE.—In the programme.

HE.—But, — not in the play?

SHE.—Should you call a man a hero or lover, who had not courage to speak his love?

HE.—Sometimes it requires more courage to remain silent than to speak. When the man who loves is by no means sure that his affection is re—

SHE (*with glass at her eyes*).—What a pretty girl in the box opposite!

HE.—Yes. I say, if Count Rupert —

SHE.—You don't see the one I mean.

HE.—I see her; — the brunette. If Count Rupert's love had been a little less absorbing, he might have spoken —

SHE.—Might have? If his love had been a little more absorbing, he would have spoken. Sh! — the curtain is going up.

HE (*at end of second act*).—That climax was really splendid! You certainly can't find any objection now to the lover!

SHE (*with decision*).—Oh! but I can! He takes too much for granted; he is entirely too self-confident.

HE (*in astonishment*).—Why, you objected before to his timidity!

SHE.—Yes; but I dislike assurance far more than timidity. Any woman would.

HE.—And he pleases you less as a brave lover than as a diffident one?

SHE (*promptly*).—Decidedly less! Impudence is not bravery.

HE (*after a pause*).—Bravery is not always impudent, if you mean that! I am not impudent, yet I feel that I could be brave; just as Count Rupert is brave —

SHE.—We have different ideas of courage, it would seem. Do please ask the boy to open a window, somewhere.

SHE (*as the curtain goes down*).—How glorious! Is n't he great? Such a lover!

HE (*bewildered*).—What! you like him — after all?

SHE.—Like him? He is simply the ideal lover! I never saw anything more perfect. Why do you say "after all?"

HE.—I thought you seemed inclined, at first, to — criticize — him.

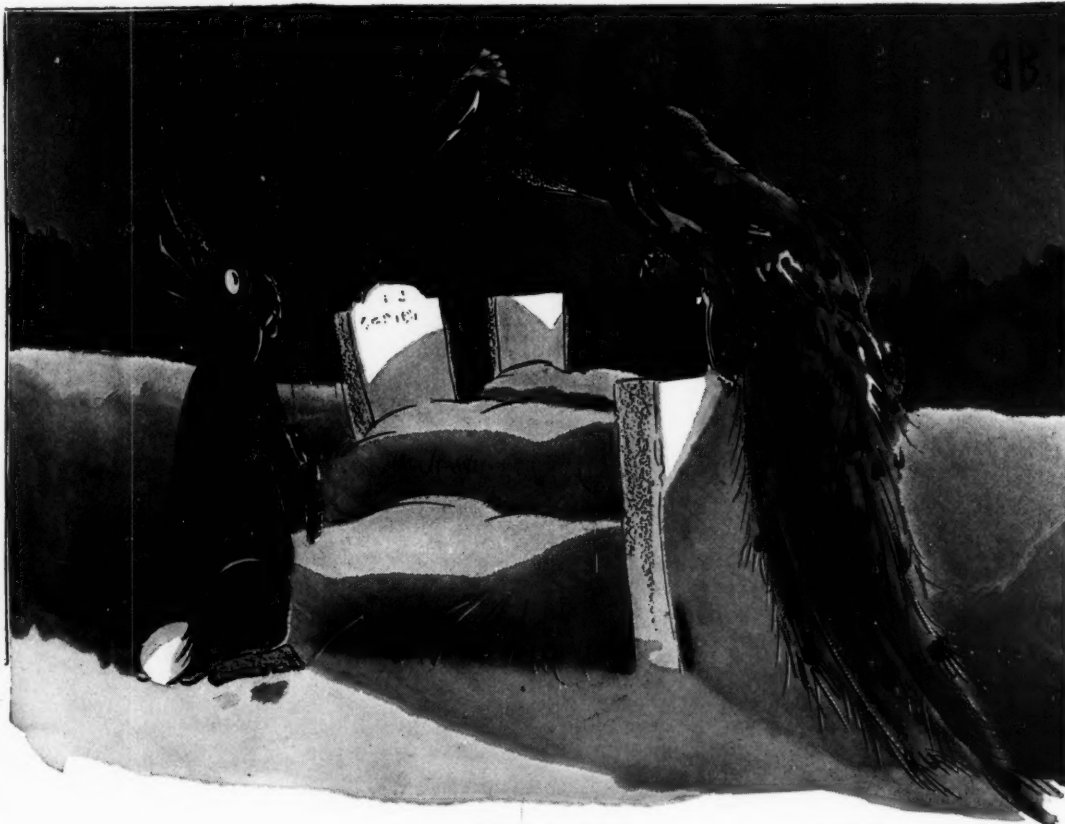
SHE (*warmly*).—No woman could criticize him! It might be natural for a man to do so, because his conception of love is too lofty for most men to even comprehend — Will you hold my fan for a moment, please?

Madeline S. Bridges.

### LOCATING HIM.

"An' we would moreober ask Thee," proceeded good, old and somewhat crafty, Parson Woollimon, in the midst of his invocation, "to speshully bless de white gen'leman dat 's settin' at de south eend ob de fou'th pew fum de front, an' looks so much like he is gwine to put 'bout a dollah into de contribution when de hat am parsed."

THE FACT that there is no place like home makes wanderers of a good many young men.



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### A PROPOSITION.

THE RABBIT.—Excuse me, sir, but don't you know that peacock's feathers are very unlucky?

THE PEACOCK.—That's why I called. I thought, as you were a grave-yard rabbit, that perhaps you'd lend me your left hind foot!







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#### HER DISCOVERY.

ANNA. — I thought you considered George one man in a million.  
KATE. — Oh, yes; but, of course, there are others!

#### SNOW - BOUND.

WE SIT within the gaslit room  
As evening wears along,  
By the steam heater's iron side —  
We hear its clanking song.  
And underneath our gravest word,  
Or lightest laugh that rang,  
We hear the heater sizzle,  
Or we hear the steam go bang!

Our fathers love to tell us  
Of long past nights of mirth,  
When chestnuts in the shovel popped  
And apples on the hearth.  
We buy our roasted chestnuts now,  
And when our apples bake  
'T is in a gas-stove oven  
Of the very latest make.

They tell how when, as now, it snows,  
Orchard and field were white,  
And fences huddled 'neath the drift  
That deepened through the night.  
We have our drifts as well, for see  
Out in the whirling snow  
How high upon the fire-escape  
The fluffy masses grow!

They tell how, bed-time being come,  
They raked the ashes low,  
Put on a green log then, and left  
The quiet cheery glow.  
Each took his candle to depart  
And climbed the ancient stair.  
(Turn off the heat; put out the gas.)  
What queer old times they were!

Florence E. Pratt.

#### THE TIME.

NIECE IDA. — When does a woman really commence to grow old?  
AUNT BROADHEAD. — When people begin to tell her how young she is looking.

#### A SUGGESTION.

HIS UNCLE. — Vot for you keep your pockets shtuffed mit knives undt marbles undt cords undt t'ings, Ikey?  
IKEY. — Vell, dere 's always room in dem for money, Ungle!

OPINIONS DIFFER as to whether the man who said that what can't be cured must be endured was suffering from rheumatism or dyspepsia.

THE MAIN reason for our wanting a great many things we have n't got is because other people have them.

#### INSTRUCTIONS.

NEW SALESMAN. — Shall I say that we formerly sold the goods at three dollars a yard?

OLD SALESMAN. — Make it two ninety-eight. You can't expect people to believe that we ever sold anything at even figures.

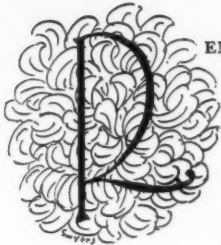
#### HIS OPINION.

FRIEND. — What is the most prevalent trouble among your patients?  
FASHIONABLE DOCTOR. — They have more time and more money than they know what to do with.

IF A man be very easy to draw on, it is n't long until some woman has designs on him.



NOT AS IN ENGLAND.



REMEMBER THAT in good old England one-fifth of the population, and all of the writers, are perpetually engaged in trying to keep the other four-fifths "in their places." That an Englishman should know his place, and keep it, is a cardinal precept, and, although nine-tenths of the peerage have descended from brewers, barbers and pirates, there is always a howl of horror when it is intimated that there is a disposition on the part of the common people to rise above their places.

In pursuance of this policy the upper fifth adopts a crushing process that would lead to a ruction in this country. Fortunately, there is no such policy in this country. Here every man is encouraged to rise in the world, and when he gets up he does not try to crush those beneath him.

Take, for instance, a ticket seller, either at a railway station or a theatre box office. A man wants two seats, not too near the front but not too far back, near the end of the row, and he might take two on the side if the man thinks it is a good view of the stage; and what are they going to play Wednesday night, anyhow? Now you would naturally think that the ticket man would order the man out of the lobby, but he just keeps calmly on doing some figuring on a scrap of paper, and talks a bit to another man inside the office, and when he gets good and ready, turns around as affable as you please, and says, "What is it you want?"

The ticket seller at the station works on pretty much the same lines. Nothing arrogant or offensive about him, although he is continually pestered by people asking absurd questions. Entrenched behind a pretty brass railing, he views with calm indulgence the excited line of men and women filing past, and although he can not respect them it is rarely he utters a word of reproof. Not even when men in the line get boisterous and perhaps profane when they hear the gate keeper calling, "All aboard!" does he lose his temper, and at such times he has even been known to smile.

Or suppose we take a barber. Here is a man who has in his power every day some of the greatest of men, and yet he is not inflated. Some of the crude ideas on finance, labor, war, cosmical philosophy, and other things, must provoke him to wrath, but he never shows his anger. If a man in a barber's chair were to say that three and four made

eight, the chances are that the barber would say: "Is that so, sir? Well, I declare, I never thought of that before! Well, sir, I guess you're right." That's the way he adapts himself to the people who come under his care. He never tries to humble them with superior knowledge, and he lets them escape with the impression that they know something. The barber is the last man in the world to keep a man down.

Who has not noticed and appreciated the demeanor of a waiter? There is a man who has it in his power to make it very chilly for the customer, and yet how rarely he exercises his power? Give him to understand at the start that he gets a tip, and that you don't know all about cookery, and he will treat you kindly and considerately. He may see at a glance that this chop house is a cut above you, but he hides his feelings, even when you say, "Bring me some of that." No uppishness, no sitting on a man because he has heretofore been unable to come to that place on account of the tips. Always willing to lend a helping hand to people just learning how to tip.

And you must have noticed the elevator boy. Occupying as he does a position of vast responsibility, who would think of it to look at his handsome face so free from care, or hear his cheery voice as he looks up from the nickel library he is reading? There is a boy who might drop you down into the cellar, or punch you up through the roof if he wanted to, yet he rarely does. He knows that it ain't everybody that can run an elevator, yet if he shows his superiority it is only in the graceful yet careless way in which he rushes up the cage until your innards seem to drop into your shoes, and drops you down with such swiftness that your brains press against the top of your hat.

There are other cases that might be cited to prove the contention that Americans in places of power do not try to keep down their fellow men, but space is lacking except for one more. Take the janitor of a modern apartment house.

Now, a janitor — Oh, well, a janitor — Sidney.

HIS MISTAKE.

BROWN. — The fact is, I'm not on the best of terms with my wife. She'll be all right in a day or two.

JONES. — What have you done?

BROWN. — Well, she bought some exceptionally cheap silk, yesterday and asked me to guess how much it cost. I guessed too low!

THE SPHERE of influence seems to be the modern aspect of the Trojan horse.

THE OVERLOADED MESSENGER.

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MRS. KIDBY. — Ah! a ring at the door bell! It must be the presents your papa was to send!



"My! What a lot of them!"



"Come, children! Help carry them in!"



SMALL MESSENGER (as they take the last load). — T'anks! Lady! Dem bundles wus gittin' purty heavy!

# YE ARTIFICE OF DAME ALLYCE

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A GOODLIE BALLADE OF YE OLDEN TIMES. WHEREIN IS SETTE FORTH HOWE THE INGENUITY OF HYS-GOODE LADYE, IN AN ADVERSE HOUR, DIDDE ROUSE YE SLOTHFUL SIR BERTRAM BEVIS, OF THE LAKE, TO INDUSTRIE AND ACTION.

*Listen, Lordlings, while ye may,  
Unto ye Bard who sings a lay  
Of happ'nings in an elder daye,  
The which, in sooth, is this:*

*How, long ago, a sturdy knyghte  
Who didde in reckless ways delyghte  
Bye hys goode dame was sette aryghte,  
And it is true, I wis.*



I.  
SIR BERTRAM BEVIS, of ye Lake,  
Unto hymselfe to wife didde take  
Ye goode Sir Cauline's daughter.  
And Dame Allyce was fair to see;  
Shee could embroider daintilee  
And sampler work so fyne didde shee—  
For thus her mother taught her.

But, Bertram, tho' a stark goode knyghte,  
I-faith, he was a reckless wight  
Who onlie joyed in joust or fyghte,  
Or onne adventures sallied.  
Heedless he passed hys tyme away  
Att cardes and dicing all ye daye  
Or singing catches droll and gaye,  
And o'er ye wine-cup dallied.

*Yette think not in ye olden tymes,  
When minstrels sang and made their rhymes,  
It was alle beere and skittles.  
Beshrew me! Times to some were tight  
And, eftsoons, many a goodlie knyghte  
Must hustle for his victuals!*



V.  
In vain ye goode Sir Bertram strove,  
They tooke both pannes and pottes and stove,  
Until ye knyghte cried out, "By Jove!  
As I 'm a living sinner,  
How will we now have ought to eat,  
How shalle we roast or frye our meat,  
How shalle we cooke our dinner?"

But still Dame Allyce gave hym cheer:  
"What do we care for kitchen gear?  
We 'll make out well, so do notte fear  
And do notte be repining.  
Take off ye corselet yt. you wear,  
Your goode steel hawberk yt 's suche care  
To keep alle bryghte and shining."

VI.  
Hys corselet 's set upon ye grounde,  
Ye steel yt. saved from scar and wounde  
Sir Bertram oft; and it was founde  
A splendid stove to make.  
Ye iron sleeve, at ye elbow bend,  
Ye dame turned uppe, yt. it myghte send  
Ye smoak aloft, he saw her trend—  
Saith he: "You take ye cake!"  
Then, in hys helmet, as a disshe,

Shee boyled for hym a goode salt fische,  
And colewort, too, beside.  
Hys broad shield with its rounding curve  
Shee made it as a platter serve—  
Sir Bertram gazed with pryde.  
"Come weal or woe!" he cryed amain,  
"Thou art a dame worth while to gain,  
And sore would be my grief and pain  
To lose yee from my syde!"



VII.  
Alle is notte told: yt. afternoon  
Shee heated uppe hys spur-decked shoon,  
And with it and its mate she soon  
Had alle her ironing donne.  
"Then save you fair, my gracious dame!"  
Sir Bertram cryed; "you putte to shame  
Ye joustyngs I have wonne!  
I, in yt. suit of nickle-plate,  
Have in ye tourneys tempted fate,  
While here, in suche a goodlie state,  
You cook ye dinner in it!  
A better use for armor bryghte  
Than to be worn by slothful knyghte,  
Who onlie thought hym of ye fyghte,  
And how to wage and win it.



II.  
Now alle ye joustyngs they were done—  
Ye tournaments where fyghte and funne  
Had raged both fast and furious.  
And Winter fell in Camelot,  
A Winter cold and drear, I wot.  
No more yt. ballad curious,  
"Hot Tyme in ye Towne To-Night!"  
Was sung—'t was deemed injurious.  
And still yt. brave and parlous knyghte,  
Sir Bertram Bevis, of ye Lake,  
Had found it harde, indeed, to make  
Bothe endes to meete, if we hear  
right.

He had laid bye a meagre store  
Of sundries for ye Winter sore,  
And of white monie he 'd no more  
Than e'en ye poorest churl.  
And thenne ye merchants didde hym  
dunne  
For debts he owed, from sunne to sunne,  
And hym a belted Earl!

III.  
Ye while hys gentil layde fair—  
May fate send us her kind to share  
Our days of joy and days of care—  
Kept up hys spirits daily.  
"Soon will ye Winter cold pass bye,"  
Quoth shee, "and Sprynge will glad your eye;  
We 'll alle be happy yette, you bette!  
So, keep in bounds of reason,"  
She saith with other words of cheer  
Yt. pleased hym muche, indeed, to hear.  
So passed the tyme till it grew near  
Ye joyous Christmase season.

IV.  
But, ah! they were far in arrear  
In payments on their household gear  
Until, withe many a threat and jeer,  
That they myghte notte mistake them,  
This word was sent: "No more delay—  
Your household goodes instalments paye  
Or else we 'll come and take them."



Belike, your ready wit as suche  
Yt. it, in sooth, doth shame me muche  
To watch you stir and bustle.  
Forthwith I 'll sette no more and pine  
That better fortune is notte mine,  
But I 'll gette out and hustle!"

VIII.  
He didde. And, Gentles, would you know?  
Ere Spryngtyme's flowers didde bloom and  
blow,  
Or yette had fell ye last light snowe—  
So well and goode he strove—  
Hys spryghtly ladye hadde her meed;  
No longer used shee in her need  
His corselet for a stove.  
For, by his efforts goode and bolde  
He brought hym in a store of golde—  
They left their castle, damp and olde;  
And, bye next Yuletide's comyng,  
He reared a stately edifice,  
All furnished uppe with gear of price  
And sanitarie plumbyng!

Roy L. McCardell.







### A PRIZE.

FIRST DIME MUSEUM MANAGER.—I have the thinnest living skeleton in the business.

SECOND DIME MUSEUM MANAGER.—Think so?

FIRST DIME MUSEUM MANAGER.—Yes, indeed! Why, even a convex mirror won't make him look fat!

### WHEN POLLY WRITES A LETTER.



OW, I'LL write it this very instant," said Polly, "and you can post it on your way home."

"An excellent idea," I answered.

So Polly drew a chair up in front of her two-by-three writing desk, arranged herself carefully and searched for the pen. I lighted a fresh cigar and took up that ever interesting publication, *The Ladies' Love Journal*. Deep in the unfathomable intricacies of "The

Etiquette of Visiting Cards," I was aroused by an exclamation from Polly, which had in it something familiar.

"Bother!"

Polly was on her feet, had the four diminutive drawers of her desk pulled out, and was gazing vexedly on the scene of confusion before her.

"Don't bother," I said affably, "I have a stamp here."

"A stamp!" said Polly, wildly. "Can I write a letter with a stamp?"

I murmured something about writing with the stamp of sincerity, which met with silent and deserved contempt. It was plainly incumbent upon me to lend assistance in the search. I laid aside the journal and arose.

"Is it an envelope?" I asked, throwing quite a lot of interest into the query.

"Is what an envelope?" asked Polly, sharply.

"It; what you are looking for."

"No; 'it' is a pen."

"Of course you have one?"

"Of course; I use it for writing." There was a trace of sarcasm in the reply, which I at once resented.

"Certainly; you use it for writing; consequently you have it. The logic is some-

what involved, but none the less attractive. Now this, I presume, you also use for writing?" "This" was a box of hair pins in one of the drawers. I received no answer. "And this?" I held up a bunch of samples of plaid silks. "And this?" A theatre programme three weeks old. Polly viewed the articles askance, but made no reply. An idea of powerful brilliancy struck me.

"Polly," said I, "let us take out everything that is *not* a pen; what remains can be, consequently, nothing *but* a pen." Polly looked at me doubtfully. While she considered I drew up the arm chair and set to work.

"Very well," said Polly. "Let's."

Polly's desk is small and fragile, but from its depths I abstracted the following: samples, program and hair pins as aforementioned; six photographs of uninteresting persons; half a yard or so of pink ribbon; a piece of wedding cake of the consistency of concrete; the "stubs" from twelve theatre tickets; two hat pins; twenty-six letters; a slipper buckle; two Columbian stamps in an envelope; a recipe for making old-fashioned molasses candy; several quires of paper and envelopes appertaining; three pieces of sealing wax; a sample bottle of somebody's violet water; a stamp book containing two stamps; two square linen things of the sort which uncivilized people place beneath finger-bowls, partly embroidered in silk; a seal; an inkstand; a piece of yellow twine; two elastic bands; a cigarette bearing initials and a date in ink (Polly snatched this out of my hands); a skein of green floss; a blotter; a prayer book and hymnal; a pair of opera glasses in an embroidered bag; an ancient caramel (Polly ate this); nine assorted buttons; a small dictionary; a pair of silk shoe laces; a diary dated two years previous (pocketed, under protest, for future reference); four visiting cards; several scraps of torn paper; a silver-framed calendar (last year's); twenty-four cents in coin; a broken silver bracelet; a black veil holding two black pins ("I looked everywhere for that!" quoth Polly); a pack of playing cards; three shoe buttons; a package of assorted flower seeds; and a pair of tan gloves, very much worn.

### ANGELIC WOMAN.

KITTY.—I love a gloomy man.  
NANCY.—Why, Kitty! what an absurd idea!  
KITTY.—No, indeed! You see, first, I have to find out what makes him gloomy; secondly, I try to cure his gloom; and, thirdly, I throw him over and give him some real cause for gloom!



### IN THE DARK.

FATHER (from above).—Ethel, do you know what time it is?

DAUGHTER (from the parlor).—No, Papa;—we are waiting for the clock to strike so as to find out!

[T SEEMS as if there were always a silk lining between some people and the seamy side of life.

Richard Stillman Powell.



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THEY CALLED her the New Child in the family because she was such an "emancipated" little female. She was sitting in a big chair before the fire, declining the nurse's invitations to go to bed.

That functionary had the other children converted into a railroad train, each attached to another's frock-tail; they were all puffing and whistling preparatory to steaming out of the library on the upstairs route.

Without slighting the pursuit of these exercises, their robin-like eyes turned lingeringly toward the row of stockings they had hung upon the mantel.

"Come, Miss Gertie—there's a little lady," said the nurse; "you can be a freight-car and carry the coal-shovel and tongs on your back."



The New Child contemplated the fire-irons with a careful eye, which made an estimate of their seductions.

"Let Gertie be the tender," hazarded a very young cattle-car with a tin cow stuck in its apron-string; "she tan have toal put down the back of her neck."

"Hurry up, Dertie, so Santy Claus tan tum!"

"I'm no dirtier than some individdles as cry so their nurses can't wash 'em every morning," remarked the New Child, rebuking the cattle-car's pronunciation. "And, also," she added, "nobody but *infants* believe in *make-ups* like Santa Claus, *nowadays*."

The cattle-car, who had innocently returned to its puffing and choo-chooing, remained sweetly unconscious of the contempt cast upon its youth, faith and failings in English; but the nurse said sharply: "if there is n't any Santy, what are you sitting up to see?"

The New Child gazed in the fire, as if already lost in meditation, and, waving her hand in dignified dismissal, said: "I am sitting up to—*think*."

The nurse gave a gesture of resignation, and suddenly becoming a very lively engine, led the whistling, puffing train, which moved majestically out of the station.

At the stairs the erratic young cattle-car slipped her coupling, skipped the track and came careering back across country.

"For doodness' sake, Dertie!" it panted; "if you see Santy don't be so *impelitate* as to tell him he is n't anything; and, p'ease, div' him my bestest love!"

The New Child hugged the little car so hard that the tin cow rattled against its buttons, and it dashed away in pursuit of the vanishing train, tooting gayly as it went.

The New Child nestled into the arm-chair and watched the coals. She was thinking very hard. In a few moments she was thinking aloud and addressing the fire in a very emphatic little pipe:

"I never de-prooved of it, and I never shall. It's just as bad to tell *make-ups* to the childring as to tell *prevaricums* to the grown-ups."

She felt just a little drowsy; she heard the youthful train being unloaded above. She murmured: "Santy is nothing but a make-up, make-up, *make-up!* and I would n't believe him if he came here and *crossed his heart and hoped to never* that he was a sure-enough person!"

Her head drooped, and the bright coals grew rather indistinct. Her posture gradually lost its dignified erectness; she leaned more heavily on the cushions and collapsed into a little hillock of white muslin.

In a moment she became aware of sundry, scrambling, gasping sounds in the chimney, and, jumping up to see what might be the trouble, she beheld two dumpy boots come dangling into view, and before she could even *think* of referring to Jack Robinson, the little round legendary object of her disapprobation tumbled down before her.

"Why, how do you do, Gertrude Marie, dear? How you have grown!—getting to be quite a young lady."

He pulled off his mitten and put out his hand most cordially, while one merry eye fell upon her slim black stockings with a calculating twinkle. Gertie drew back.

Added to her objection to myths was the indignation she always felt at this form of address—a favorite one with her Papa's friends.

"Scuse me," she said, haughtily; "but my Mama would not be pleased to have me shake hands with any one that is not a *real* person;" adding, a little apologetically,—"you're only a make-up, you know, Mr. Claus."

For one instant Mr. Claus looked a little hurt, but, in the next, burst into the most delightful, gurgling laugh. "Why, bless you, my little dear, I'm no make-up! I'm as real as—as Love and Christian Charity. I not a real person? Ha, ha, ha! But, excuse me for laughing," he said, and suddenly made his little fat face as serious as possible, fearing he had given offence. "So you don't believe in me, Miss Gertrude Marie?"

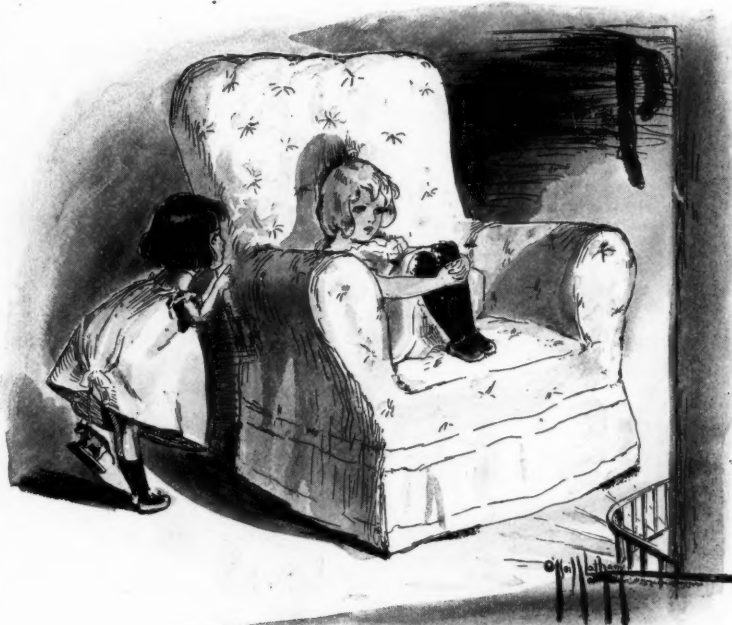
GERTIE.—Well, you see, you're only a *putend* person. If you were in grammar, I believe you'd be in the *hy-pee-thet-i-cal* case. (She felt this was quite fine, indeed.)

SANTA CLAUS.—You would be in the nominative case, then, because you're calling me names.

GERTIE (*repentantly*).—Oh I hope you're not offended? I would n't call anybody names even if he was n't anybody.

SANTA CLAUS (*kindly*).—Oh! don't feel bad about it, dear; it's of no consequence.

GERTIE (*still repentant*).—I've only got one 'jection to you, you know, and that's because you are n't true;—I hope I don't hurt your



feelings by saying so. I don't think it's right to tell you to the childring. But won't you sit down?"

SANTA CLAUS.—No; thank you! I must hurry on. There are so many little ones waiting for—



GERTIE.—'Scuse me, but I don't see any use of bringing up those old — *prevaricums*, Mr. Claus.

SANTA CLAUS (*apologetically*).— I mean the little old-fashioned ones, that take stock in me, you know; they'd be disappointed.

GERTIE (*severely*).— They ought not to be kept believing make-ups; — it's wicked. It's as bad as stealing marmalade, or — or slapping kittens!

Santa Claus moved toward the fireplace, with his rosy face bent down. His eyes were no longer merry.

"But they are so — so fond of me," he murmured.

The New Child would not relent. She held up her chin scornfully to conceal its incipient quivering.

Mr. Claus looked weary and sad. He seemed aged since he came in. He paused at the row of empty stockings and looked at Gertie, as if supplicating for the privilege of filling them just once more, but she stood an obdurate little figure, diminutive, but full of stern rebuke.

He took one tiny stocking-foot in his hand. It belonged to the little cattle-car, who had sent him her "bestest" love, and the New Child felt a conscience-stricken pang.



"How Little Dot has grown!" he said, and threw a last appealing glance at Gertie. "It would hold twice as much as — as last year."

He put his round, mitted hand to his eyes, and she heard him scrambling mournfully back up the chimney.

The New Child awoke. The stockings were very fat and bumpy; the most fascinating playthings stood about the hearth, and a glorious doll, with her own name on a card hung about its neck, sat beside her in the big chair.

A look of filial love beamed from its ridiculously big eyes. She gave it one swift embrace and darted to the chimney. "Santy — Oh! Mr. Claus!" she called in a trembling pipe; "Oh! my poor, kind dear; you're true! You're truly, *truly* true; — forgive me! And Dot sends you her bestest love, — and so do I."

A sweet, cheery voice came down the chimney in reply. It's true, it might have been the wind; — but the New Child knew better.

O'Neill Latham.

#### TIME WASTED.

"No," said his mother; "I don't think you need go to school in this blizzard."

Nevertheless, Johnny's brow was somewhat clouded.

"What's the trouble? Are you disappointed?"

"Oh, no! but if I'd known it last night I would n't have studied my lessons."

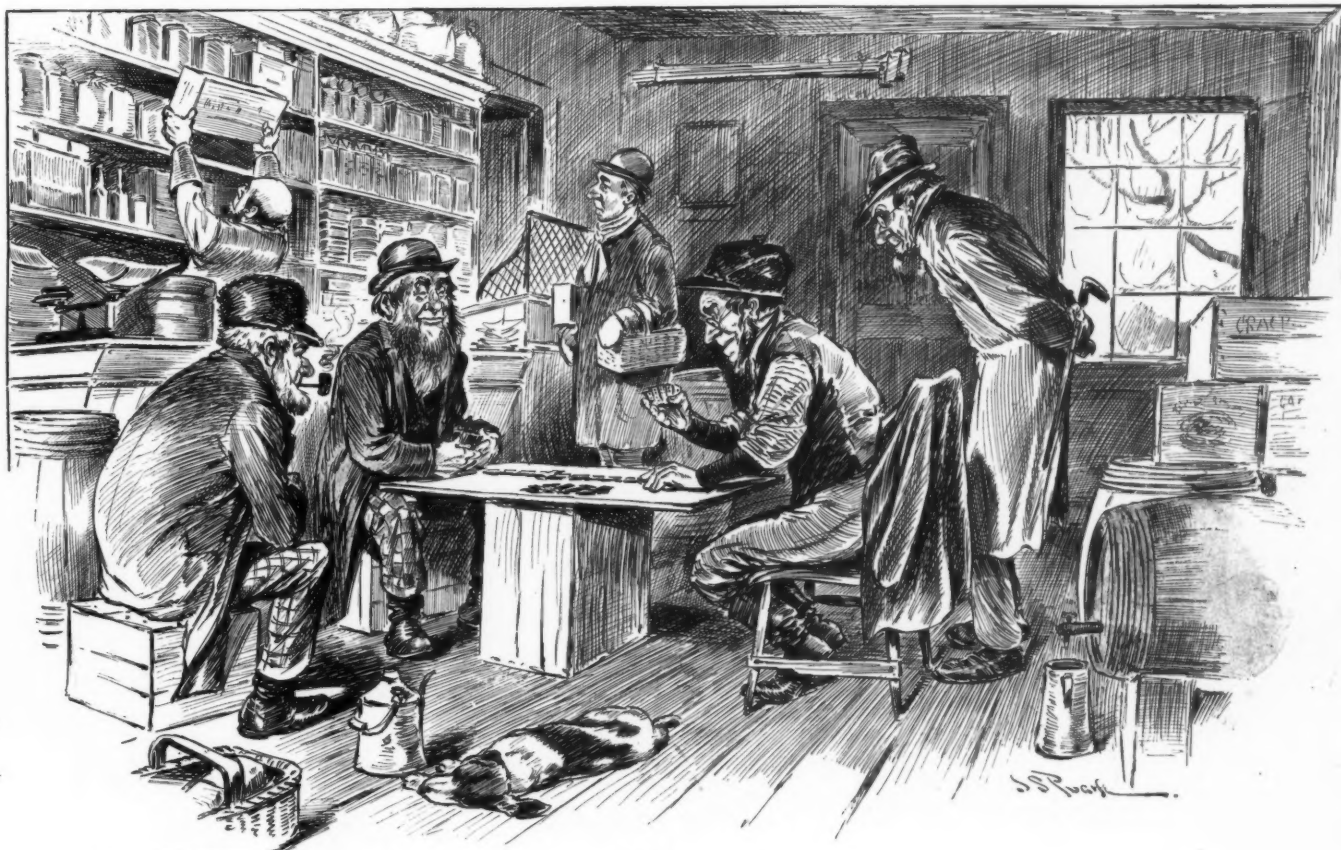
BLESSINGS GET the reputation of coming in disguise largely through the average man not knowing what's best for him.

#### WILLING TO LET HIM KEEP HER.

"At your command," cried the love-stricken youth, "I would give up the greatest blessing on the earth!"

"But I am not going to give the command," whispered the egotistic maiden.

IT IS hard to understand how Santa Claus does it; but the general results are so satisfactory to the parties interested that they forget to inquire closely into details.



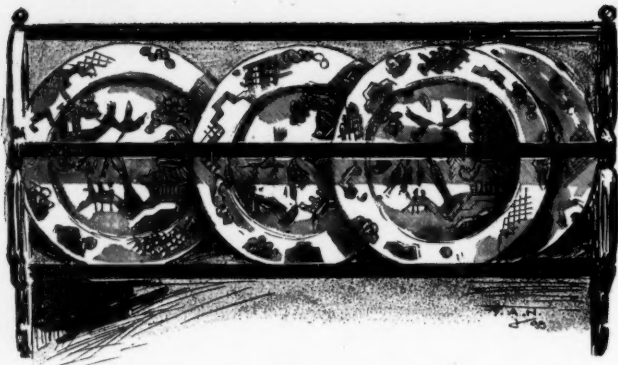
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#### A GENTLE HINT.

HIRAM.— I'll be seventy-one next June, Silas.

SILAS.— That so? It ain't got nothin' to do with the game, has it?

HIRAM.— Nothin'; only I wish you'd hurry up so I'll have time to play a few more games before I pass away.



THE NEW PLATES.

"Mama has got some lovely plates  
For sister and for me,  
And each of us for dinner waits  
Because we love to see  
Such pretty pictures. Now, I try  
To eat quick as I can  
Right through the apple sauce, so 's I  
Can look at old Japan."

T. M.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas Eve. The thermometer was low. It had even gone lower than respectable thermometers are wont to go.

The family was wretchedly poor. They were compelled to use barbed wire to keep the wolf from the door. The children had hung up no stockings this Christmas Eve. They had no stockings to hang. In fact, the only clothing that had been on their pink and pinched little feet thus far this Winter had been a pair of shoestrings that had belonged to their mother before she was married.

The large, strong father shivered. He belonged to the great army of the unemployed. Many a time had his wife urged him to leave



A BAR TO FELICITY.

MR. NEWLYWED.—I did n't suppose you'd want *everything* your own way!

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Don't be silly, George! You'd be *so* happy if you'd only stop worrying about that!

the army, but he said: "No! Damn the man that would desert his colors!"

It was a sad Christmas Eve. On the following day, which should be Merry Christmas, the mortgage on the old cook-stove would fall due. Six months before the father had mortgaged it for one dollar and twenty-five cents. At that time he intended to walk across the Newark Meadows and was afraid of snake-bite.

"What'll we do without the cook-stove?" sighed the mother. "What'll we eat? It makes a lump rise in my throat to think of it."

"Keep swallerin' the lump an' mebbe you won't want anything else to eat," replied the father, a sardonic grin spreading over his ruddy face.

"Oh! if Alexander were only here!" murmured the mother.

But Alexander, their only son, had left home six years before to achieve fame, he said. He went away vowing he would never return until he had walked to the North Pole and back on stilts. For all the family knew, he might be at that moment leaning against an isothermal line at a latitude of 85.

"So the mortgage on the cook-stove is due to-morrow," meditated the father. "A dollar and twenty-five cents. And there was n't two songs in all the whiskey I got with it!"

"Oh, Mother!" exclaimed little four-year-old Andalusia; "I am faint from want of food!"

"And I have n't a cent of money in the house!" hopelessly replied the mother.

"Not a cent!" ejaculated the father. "Poor, poor father! No money, no bread in the house; his children starving on the bare floor; the wife of his youth now a haggard beldame. Not a cent! Wot 'm I ter do fer an eye-opener in the mornin'?" And the strong man wept like an amateur elocutionist.

The wind howled until it became hoarse, and the hours kept on apace. The family heard a loud knock at the door. But they moved not, supposing it was the wolf.

Suddenly the door opened and a tall, bearded man entered the room.

"Oh! my Alexander!" cried the mother, throwing herself into his arms.

"Aleck," huskily spoke the father, "I'm glad to see you! Is n't that the top of a cork I see sticking out of your pocket?"

"Father and Mother," said Alexander, in his big, strong voice, "sit down. You look just as hard-up as when I left. But listen: I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice. I walked to the North Pole and back on stilts. I got back day before yesterday. That evening I lectured to an immense audience. The next day I wrote an article of twenty-five thousand words for a magazine. It was paid for on acceptance. I have money to burn. We will celebrate Christmas!"

The next day the mortgage on the cook-stove was paid off.

W. G. Brooks.

MEDICAL WISDOM.

YOUNG DOCTOR.—Now, candidly, when you are called to attend a rich woman, do you diagnose her case in accordance with her preferences?

OLD DOCTOR.—Certainly! If you do otherwise, the chances are she'll get well.

ARISTOCRACY.

MRS. PARVENU.—They have traced their family crest back to the time of the Conqueror.

MR. PARVENU.—I can't see what advantage that is! Crests certainly cost more money now than they did then!

WHEN YOU are weighed and are found wanting, you don't get it.



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NE PLUS ULTRA.

FRIEND.—Dat am a happy little chile ob yours.

MRS. BLACK.—Happy? She am jes' as happy as a pickaninny in a coon song!



IN SEASON.

Cupid gave a little sigh,  
Gazed up at the wintry sky,  
Put his bow and arrow by.  
"Love," he said, "like Spring, must fade."  
Then he saw a pretty maid  
Coming through the falling snow,  
Blushing rosy, asking low:  
"Please, kind Cupid, do you know  
Where to find the mistletoe?"

NOT ALTOGETHER HOPELESS.

"I should think you would find it hard to know what to give her for Christmas. She has everything, you know."

"Yes, I know; still, there are always some new useless things coming up."



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HIS OPINION.

JIMMY.—Would n't yer like ter be Santy Claus, wit' a big bag uv presents on yer back?

JOHNNY.—Well, dat would suit yours truly! But, hully gee! givin' 'em away to de soft guys wot always seems to get 'em would break me heart. I'd sooner trun 'em down a sewer!

STRUNG.

"Dear heart!" whispered the poet, ardently. "Harp of a thousand strings!"

Yet the opulent widow repulsed him with hauteur.

"Yes," she coldly rejoined; "but I don't let no man string me no more, I tell you those!"

Then she laughed, and it was as if she had plunged a dagger into his throbbing heart.

HER NATURAL RIGHTS.

MAMA.—I don't see where you get your red hair; you don't get it from your papa, and you certainly don't get it from me.

LITTLE DOROTHY.—Well, Mama, can't I start something?

HIS CHOICE OF SMELLS.

BOBBY (doing his Christmas shopping).—I would like to buy a bottle of 'fumery for Mama.

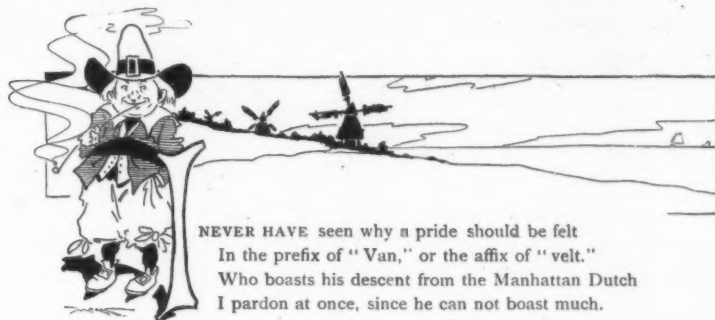
CLERK.—All right, my boy! What odor do you prefer?

BOBBY.—Oh! I think—I think—gingerbread!

IT IS N'T the man who is always trying to get the best of it who makes the best of it.

THE THINGS a man will do to win Beauty's smile depend largely on his age and experience.

THE NOBLEST DUTCHMAN OF THEM ALL.



NEVER HAVE seen why a pride should be felt  
In the prefix of "Van," or the affix of "velt."  
Who boasts his descent from the Manhattan Dutch  
I pardon at once, since he can not boast much.

And yet (though, I say it again, I'm a doubter  
Of Diedrich and Hendrick and Willem and Wouter  
As an ancestral pride) there is one old Dutch lord  
For whom my great love I am glad to record.

His ways are peculiar and nobody knows  
From which way he comes and which way he goes.  
He waits for no 'bidding, but comes in the night  
And the cards that he leaves are a source of delight.

Ho! kindly old Dutchman! we wait for you here;  
You've paid us no visit in nearly a year.  
There's a welcome for you in our heart and our house  
As long as your name is Mynheer Santa Claus!

Edmund Vance Cooke.

EXIGENCIES.

Above the bellowing of the blast, in the nautical drama, the clear voice of the undaunted captain is heard:

"Pilot, how long can you hold her in her course?"

And the pilot's answer:

"Not long, sir! The gallery is throwing crockery eggs!"

Ah! it is necessary to man the life-boats at once!

IT IS a wise provision of Nature that as a woman grows older, she is the more able to keep a secret.



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THE PERT MISS BLACK.

THE MINISTER.—Dere am Sally Black! I done tole her I was s'prised at her stayin' away from prayah meetin's to go skatin'!

HIS WIFE.—What she done say?

THE MINISTER.—She jes' said she believes in improvin' de freezin' hour!



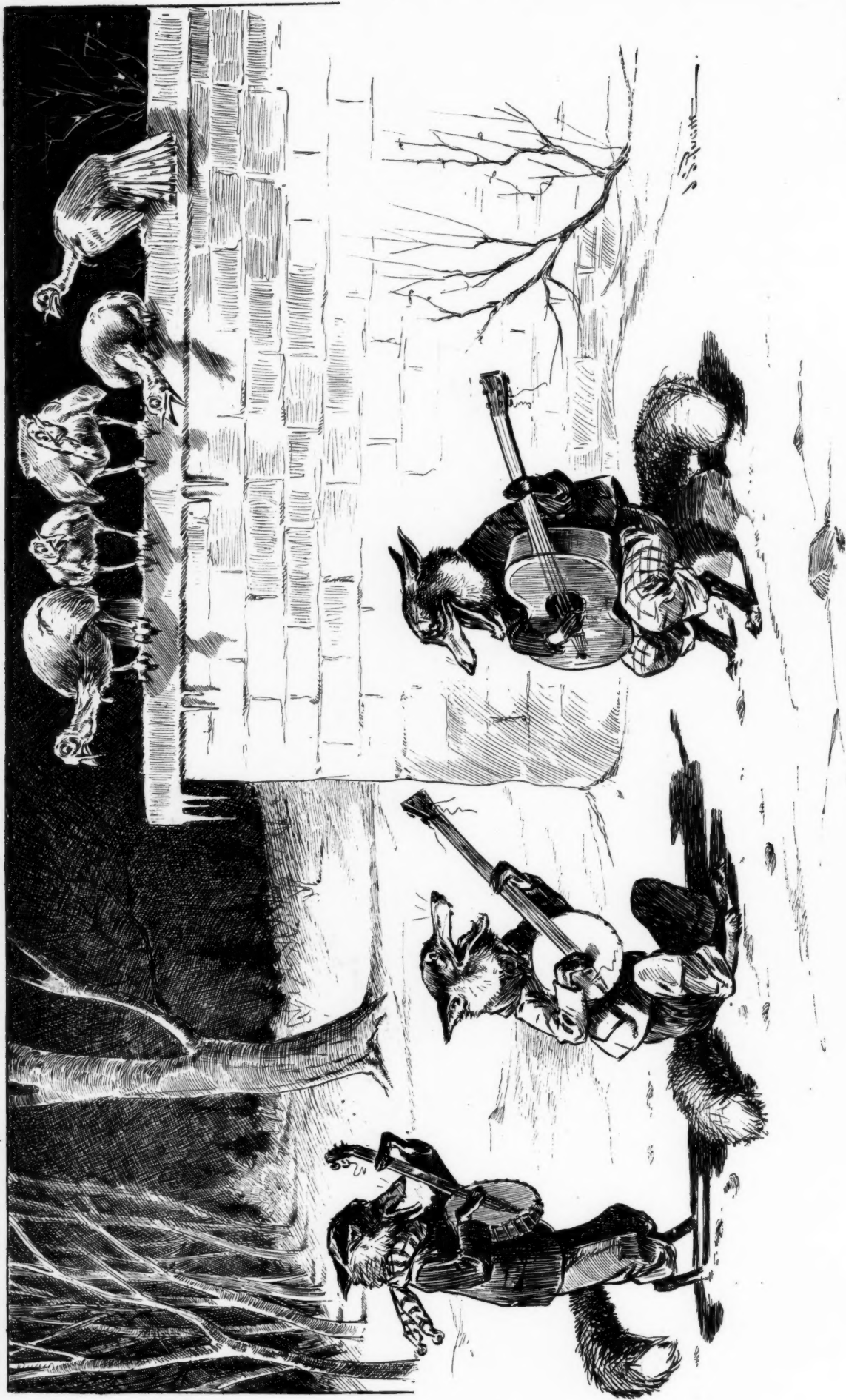
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SANTA CLAUS'S





CLAUS'S FIRST VISIT.



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#### GETTING NERVOUS.

FIRST TURKEY.—This is some new scheme. Sort of a traveling orchestra, eh?  
SECOND TURKEY.—I wish we could give them something to move on to the next barnyard!

#### THE ONE QUALIFICATION.

THE POET.—By Jove! I don't know what's the matter with me to-day; I feel absolutely idiotic.  
HIS WIFE.—O John! here's pen and paper; sit right down and write that popular song.

MANY A noble thought has been embalmed in verse only to be buried in a waste-basket.

#### REGRET.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen  
Are these we mutter, now and again,  
Over some jingle, or joke so pat;  
"Goodness! I could have thought of that!"

A WOMAN forgives anything to a man in love with her.  
To the man she is in love with, she forgives nothing.

#### AN EFFECTIVE BARRIER.

VON BLUMER.—I wish you could try to like Mrs. Caterby, because he and I get on so well together.  
MRS. VON BLUMER.—Never! That woman actually claims that she has suffered more than I have.

POPULARITY is the result of being able to mix in the affairs of other people without seeming to be meddlesome.



POPULARITY is the result of being able to mix in the affairs of other people without seeming to be meddling.

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MANY A noble thought has been embalmed in verse only to be buried in a waste-basket.

PUCK.

WHY HE TREATED.

"THE HARROWING experience of this morning has reduced me in my estimation to a paltry number of notches above zero," declared the Man-of-Affairs. When I left the breakfast table I was, at my own valuation, as intelligent a New Yorker as a thirty odd years' seasoning in this slush-bound and sun-baked metropolis could be expected to produce. At the present moment a nickel and its attendant quarter could conceal and overlap the introspective vision I have of myself. In recognition of this state of mind, that I so seldom can lay claim to, I shall request you boys to satisfy, according to individual taste, the interrogation of the waiter at my expense; after which I intend to tell my troubles.

"Being in need of a few articles of wearing apparel," he continued, when the siphon had ceased to fizzle, "I consulted my cash account and, at the insistence of expediency, sought out one of those stores that fill the newspapers with the 'Here-we-are-again-boys!' style of advertisement. I entered the place in a supercilious and rather patronizing frame of mind.

"Inside the doors I found myself an object of interest to some dozen or more young men who apparently had nothing better to do than criticize each other's style in hair-dressing and fondly stroke the clothes on long tables. They proved to be salesmen; all slim and well broken. Their head presently advanced toward me. He was portly and the

ings' department. Then Mr. Lambly proceeded in a perfectly ladylike way to pull down some fifteen or twenty assorted red boxes.

"I suppose you mean half-hose?" he said, archly.

"Resisting a fatal inclination to slap his wrist, I said that I supposed I must have meant that.

"Seen the latest wrinkle?" he insinuated as I pawed over the boxes.

"I felt hurt, for my coat certainly did need pressing. I wanted to tell the man that the wrinkles were mine and out of his department, anyway. However, after I had glanced secretly at my baggy trousers I found him only toying with a curiously-fashioned collar.

"I'll take a dozen of these socks," I said.

"He reprovingly entered '1 Doz. Half-Hose' on his pad and plead with me in behalf of some 'nobby' neckwear. I could n't stay, so I let out for the 'Shoe Department.'

"Here I attracted no attention from the young gazelles in charge until my friend of the Gents' Furnishings rushed up, explained my purchase of the socks and introduced me as 'Walking Boots.' After being carefully noted, I was graciously received by a sad-eyed villain whose technical questions I was unable to answer satisfactorily.

"I guess I know what you want," he was kind enough to admit when I had exhausted my descriptive vocabulary and patience.



WORSE YET.

ETHEL.—Dear me! I am engaged to both Algy Smallpate and Percy Doolittle! What could be more embarrassing?  
HER AUNT (who knows them).—Nothing; except being married to either of them!

most respectable person I ever saw, as far as side-whiskers and a frock coat go.

"What do you wish?" he asked with a vestryman's dignity.

"I considered this unusual and rather personal; but the man's fatherly air so impressed me that after some hesitation I took him aside and confided in him.

"You allude to shattered idols of a blasted youth," I said, "Once it was my ambition to grasp Fame. I wished for the power to sway all peoples, the achievement that should make my name immortal. I wished the riches of a Cræsus, the dominion of an Alexander, the intellect of a Socrates! Later years have wrought in me a change. I used to wish; now I want. While I must say that last month I did wish to raise the rent, now I want; — and socks."

"He said 'Oh!' and proceeded to introduce me to a slick-pated person among his flock. In performing this ceremony, he placed me in full view on the centre aisle and bellowed for universal edification: 'Lambly — Socks!'

Under the title of 'Socks' I was conveyed to the 'Gents' Furnish-

"What he knew I wanted did n't happen to come within gunshot of what I knew I wanted; but he made me buy it just the same. He did this because I was woefully ignorant of the language he spoke. If I said 'That's awfully tight!' he would smile tolerantly and reply, 'Yes, I think I have fitted you pretty snug. Does n't draw, does it?' I guessed not and bought the shoes.

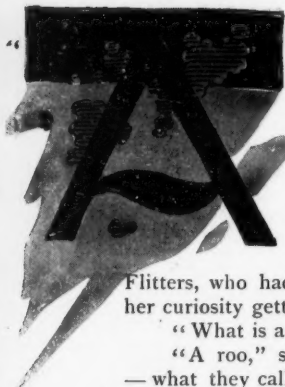
"I was then told that I wanted a hat and was presented to a dapper hat man as '7/8 Silk.' The style that he chose for me was described as 'natty' and 'up-to-date.' I shall reserve it for the days of melting snow and small boys, next Winter.

"When I managed to get out of that store I was a crushed man. Eight striplings had domineered over me and patronized me in a strange tongue. I had become the possessor of a 'natty' hat, a 'dressy' suit, a pair of 'snug' shoes, the 'latest wrinkle in nobby neckwear,' a pair of gloves that were 'quite the proper caper' and 'something neat in fancy vestings.' Incidentally I have been separated from \$87.37 1/2 and given a tract on 'How to be a swell on \$8 per week.'

"Waiter, you may fill 'em up again!"

Larkin G. Mead.

# HIS OUTBURST.



"W, YES! You are like all the rest of 'em!" tragically said young Abner Appledry, who had just been rejected by the fair creature upon whom he had fixed his affections; "an honest, industrious young feller don't stand any more show with you girls than a snowball does in—er—h'm! —the Other Place. You ain't got no manner of time for a man unless he sings tenor and is a roo!"

"Huh!" scornfully ejaculated Miss Daisy Flitters, who had done the just-mentioned rejecting. And then, her curiosity getting the better of her indignation, she asked:

"What is a roo?"

"A roo," sternly replied the virtuous Abner, "is a rake, a — what they call 'a sad young dog' in stories. It's a French word and is spelled *roue*. And that's the kind of a chap you novel-readin', titterin', romantic girls admire. Feller that works till he's got a bend in his back that he can't begin to straighten out, and knobs on his claws till it feels like he was givin' you a handful of jackstones every time he shakes hands with you, and can't help clumpin' his heavy feet when he walks like an ox stompin' off the flies, that pays his debts, and can't sing no more than a frog, and could n't catch a tune if he was chasin' it with a pack of blood-hounds — you ain't got no use for that kind of a feller; he can't look smooth enough, and he don't know how to talk soft enough to please you. You want one that sings sickenin' love-songs in a tenor voice, picks on a mandolin like it was a crippled step-son, acts like a gander at a dance, quotes mushy poetry in a dyin'-peri-kind-of-voice, takes you buggy-ridin' at the livery-man's expense, and can afford to wear good clothes all the time, b'cuz he never expects to pay for 'em — feller that you think is dangerous and devilish, and has a past. Aw, I tell you —"

"I suppose, sir, you are referring to Mr. Simms?"

"Yes; Clarence Simms is exactly who I'm referin' to! You prefer him to me b'cuz he is dissipated, and —"

"It is none of your impudent business what he is, sir, and — anyhow, he has promised to reform, to be a different man for my sake."

"Aw, yes! Many a girl has held that idea, and suffered for it; same as many a girl has run away and walked back; and many another has married in haste and repented over the wash-tub. A lovin' wife's influence will reform that kind of a chap just about as quick as it will reform a bow-legged man. When you reform a feller that goes to the city and comes home with his pockets full of actress's photographs, and drinks elderberry wine right along, and plays peeknuckle for money, and writes poetry, and poses on the corner by the First National Bank, and flirts with Uncle Tom's Cabin soubrettes every chance he gits — when you reform a roo by marryin' him, I just wish you'd let me know! When a feller has been rejected, as I have been, nothin' pleases the girl so much as for him to pine slowly away and die of a broken heart. But I'll just fool you a whirl! I won't pine an ounce; I'll pamper myself and feed up, and lay on avoirdupois like a prize pig, just to show you that I can live without you. That's what I'll do! Ar-r-r!"

And he stalked haughtily out, looking grand, gloomy and peculiar, leaving the maiden a prey to a variety of emotions, among which regret had its place. For so runneth the feminine mind.

Tom P. Morgan.

## DEAD-EASY.

SADDERMAN. — It is hard to be poor.

CLEVERTON. — Why, I've always found it the easiest thing in the world; — a great deal easier than to be rich!

SOME WOMEN dress a great deal better than their husbands pay their debts.

IF THE small boy were always as good as he is on Christmas Eve he would certainly die young.



## ALWAYS IN DEMAND.

"I hate to boast," remarked the goose that laid the golden eggs, "but you never hear anybody complaining about my eggs not being fresh!"



## A WILLING STUDENT.

MR. COMMONSTOCK. — I sent a bible to my boy at college and requested him to read the chapters which I had marked. Then in each of those chapters I placed a five-dollar bill.

MR. FAMILYMANN. — Ah! a good scheme! Do you think he read them?

MR. COMMONSTOCK. — I guess so, for he's just mailed me the bible asking that I mark some more chapters, and return as soon as possible.

## A SYLLOGISM.

Everybody's business is nobody's business.

Nobody's business is everybody's business.

Therefore, business is business.

AMBITION is pretty sure to be disappointed, either in what it achieves or in its failure to achieve.

EVEN IF we could convince people that we know more about managing our affairs than they do, they would consider us ungrateful.

NOT UNTIL good advice can be taken in capsules will some people be able to swallow it with any degree of comfort.

ONE OF the hardest things to understand in this workaday world is how so many incompetent men get such desirable jobs.





### THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

THERE CAME a weary traveler to a crowded market town  
And he wandered sadly up the streets and sadly wandered down;  
For he sought a place wherein to get a meal and bed till morn,  
And, ere he 'd trudge his toilsome way, a stiff, enlivening horn.

And the traveler found a place at last, with a room up a creaking stair,  
With a door that turned on a rusty hinge, and a four-post bed and a chair;  
The silver beams of the Summer moon shone brightly on the floor;  
And at half-past twelve, or thereabouts, a ghost knocked at the door.

But the weary traveler merely snored, and it gave the ghost a shock,  
For never before had mortal man refused to answer his knock.  
So he knocked again, but the sleeper snored; then the ghost strode through the door  
And kicked himself for a spectral chump who might have done that before.

To the bed he strode with uncanny stride and he laid his bony hand  
On the sleeper's shoulder and said: "Wake up! I'm a ghost! Don't you understand?  
Oh! where were you brought up, young man? Where were you taught, and by whom,  
That you know no more than to snore like that with a spectre in the room?"

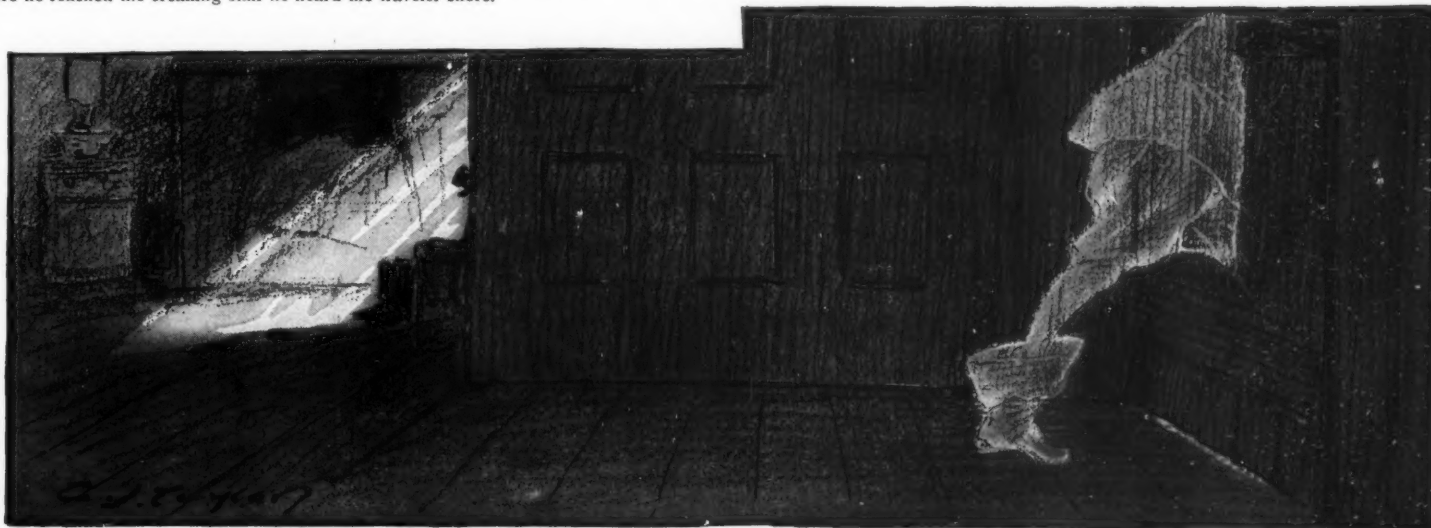
"Now, sit up in bed and let your hair stand up in the usual way,  
And let your blood run cold in your veins while I say my little say:  
There are crimson stains on the floor, young man, and spots on the wall, beside,  
That water and soap will never wash out — at least, I'm told it 's been tried.

"Now, those stains are blood, and that blood was mine; and it flowed from a wound so  
deep —

Oh! wait till I finish my ghastly tale! For goodness's sake! don't fall asleep!"  
And he shook him up. And the weary man rubbed his eyes and yawned, then he spake:  
"Are you sure I'm the party you wanted to see? Don't you think you've made a  
mistake?"

"For I care not a jot for your crimson stains, nor when they came here, nor how;  
If you can't get them out, leave them in, old man, and don't kick up such a row.  
If you've aught to say that concerneth me, say it quick; come right to the point;  
Otherwise I shall have to charge thee, aroint! I believe that's the word — aroint!"

Then the stony glare of the ghost gave way to a most disgusted look,  
And his gory locks at the weary man the spectre solemnly shook,  
And he quickly turned on his spectral heel and strode through the bolted door;  
But ere he reached the creaking stair he heard the traveler snore.



FROM THE NEW OPERATIC DICTIONARY.

**GRAND OPERA.**—The presentation, in any language but English, of a lyric story, depicting life and its emotions as they are not.

Presented, usually, by a polyglot company of singers who are not on speaking terms with each other, but who are compelled to appear together nightly, in order that they may, at the end of the season, buy French chateaus and Rhine castles.

**COMIC OPERA.**—A paradoxical misnomer. A performance made up of reminiscent music and funeral jokes of a bygone vintage, the chief aim of which is to conceal any semblance of a plot that may have been evolved by the librettist. Mainly used as a background for beefy calves in pink tights and as a mausoleum for humor.

**PRIMA DONNA.**—An imported combination of paste and vocal jewels, subject to frequent fits of indisposition, for which there is but one cure; *i. e.*, a successful understudy.

**BASSO CANTANTE.** } See Cask, Tank, Reservoir.  
**TENOR ROBUSTO.** }

**CHORUS.**—A body of automatons, who walk on and off the stage during the progress of an opera, for the purpose of staring vacantly at the audience, or of testing their ability to remain absolutely rigid while scenes are being enacted, a few feet from them, that would, in the natural order of things, bring action from a wooden Indian.

They also sing.

**CONDUCTOR.**—The dynamo that starts in motion the Operatic machinery. At times becoming so uncontrollable as to render the services of a brakeman necessary.

Dwells in the realm of High Art (with capital letters), and he is therefore so much elevated above the common herd that he gets no enjoyment out of life, except that of running away with the prima donna's accompaniment during the rendition of her most telling solos.

Thomas Harvey Peake.

THE WAY IT STRUCK HIM.

**JOHNNY.**—Pa, this paper says that Christmas don't come in Russia till twelve days after it comes in this country. That 'd be kind of bad, would n't it?

**MR. GRINKHAM.**—Y-Y-Yes, Johnny;—the Russians, if that is true, would have twelve days longer to worry over it than we have.

A MAN HAS to be pretty well-to-do when his incivility is described as frankness.

THE RAIN descends upon the just and the unjust, righteousness being a sword and buckler rather than an umbrella.

IT IS very difficult to break some people of the habit of not feeling well.

A CHRISTMASTIDE PROTEST.



**SOMETHING** KATES! Or a gun! A gun 's the best.  
Hope that Pa will gimme a gun;  
'D rather have *it* than all the rest—  
Hammerless, double-barreled one!  
Ma will gimme a knife, I bet,  
'Cause she promised; and, say! I 'm just  
Certain as certain what Auntie 'll get—  
Something *useful*. She thinks she must.

"Little boys," and she pats my hair,  
"Ought to delight in things to use."  
This means duds I 'm goin' to wear—  
Necktie, collar, or pair of shoes.  
What 's there specially in a tie?  
That 's no present for Chris'mas Day!  
I don't count it at all—for, my!  
'T would be bought for me, anyway!

Games! Or a gun! Or skates! Or bike!  
Knife! Or a book of fightin'—gee!  
Lots of candy and nuts—are like  
Gifts of a Chris'mas ought to be.,  
Seems to me that a year 's enough  
For *useful* things to be got in. They  
Ought to look for some different stuff  
To give a fellow on Chris'mas Day.

Ma 'll say: "Was n't Aunt Mattie good?  
You must thank her, and tell her you 're  
Glad she did it, and nothing *could*  
Please you better—now, Will, be sure."  
What do I care for a handkerchief  
When I wanted a clipper sled?  
Something *useful*—pooh! I 'd as leaf  
Get just *nothing* at all, instead!

Edwin L. Sabin.

DID N'T WANT A SECOND TERM.

**HIS WIFE.**—Did you call at the intelligence office?

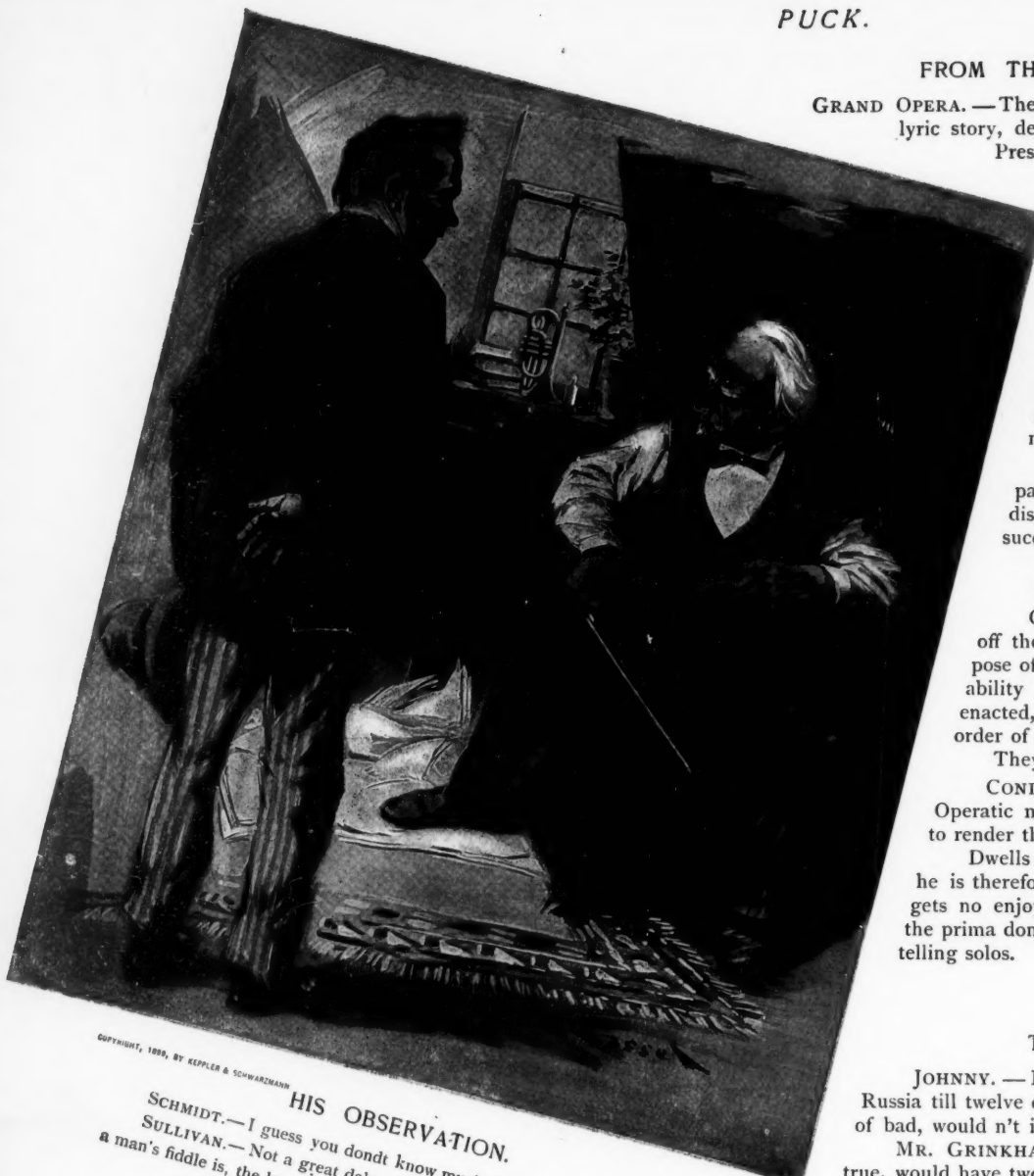
**THE SUBURBANITE.**—Yes. Nobody there but two ex-cooks of ours.



REASSURANCE.

**SMALL BOY.**—Don't be afraid of him, Mister! He ain't a bull-dog!  
He 'll let go of yer in a minute or so, if yer only keep still!

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HIS OBSERVATION.

**SCHMIDT.**—I guess you don't know much about moosic, aindt it?  
**SULLIVAN.**—Not a great dale; but Oi can tell ye this—the bigger  
a man's fiddle is, the less the gin'ral public thinks av him.

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## UNCLE HAL'S VIEWS.

### THE PLAINT OF THE GROWN-UP.

THE NIGHT was so dark no cat could see,  
The wind was yowling in the tree;  
The fire was bright. The other folk  
Had all gone off to the oper-ee,  
And Uncle Hal began to smoke  
And talk to Jack and me.

"I'm tired of being grown-up,  
my boys,  
With long, long legs  
and a stubbly chin,  
And a high silk hat and  
a watch, my boys,  
And a bamboo stick and a  
diamond pin.

"I'm tired of putting to bed o' nights  
The great, long boy I've grown to be,  
And dragging him out when the sun relights,  
And brushing the same old hair, you see,

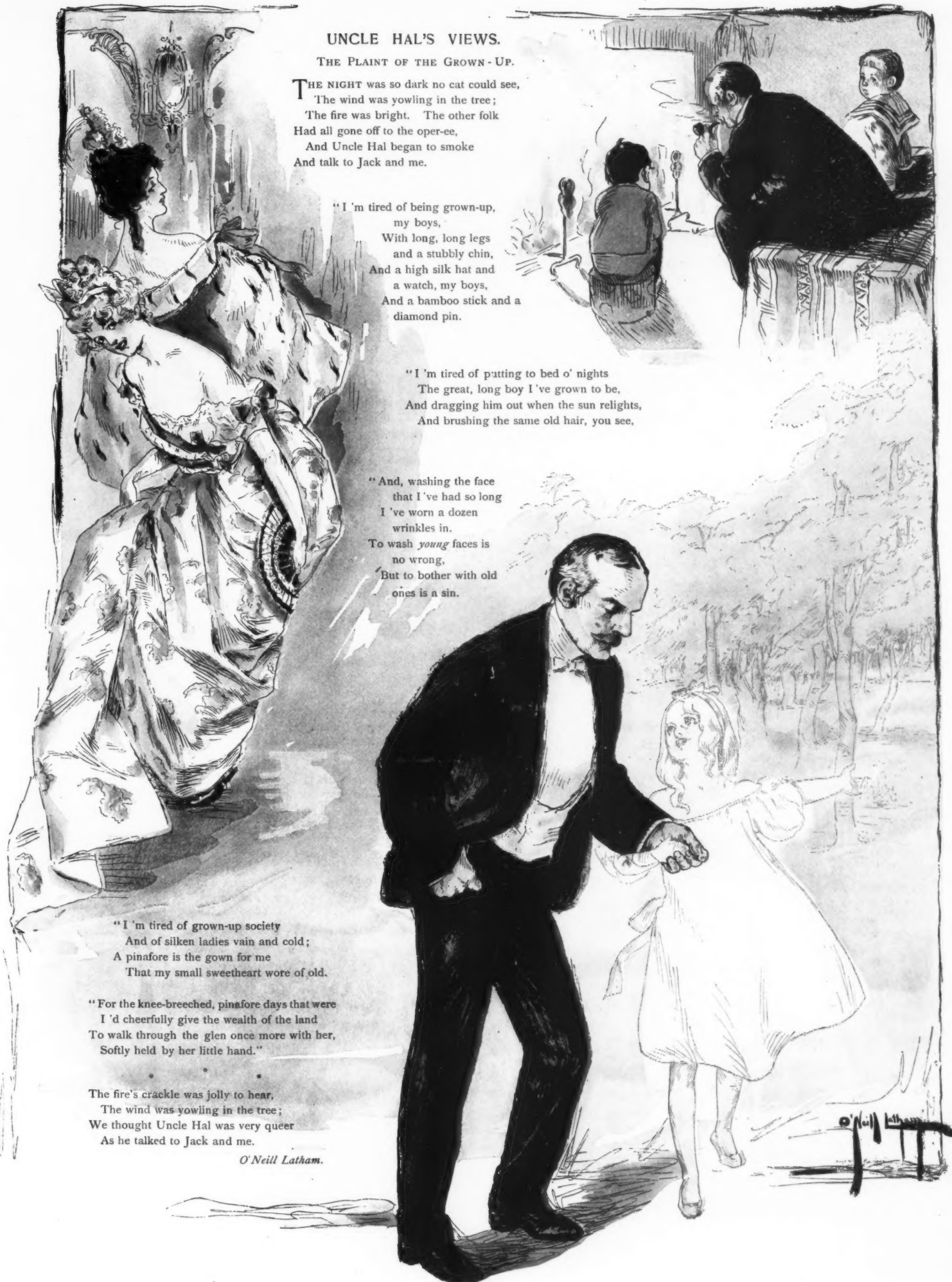
"And, washing the face  
that I've had so long  
I've worn a dozen  
wrinkles in.  
To wash *young* faces is  
no wrong,  
But to bother with old  
ones is a sin.

"I'm tired of grown-up society  
And of silken ladies vain and cold;  
A pinafore is the gown for me  
That my small sweetheart wore of old.

"For the knee-breeched, pinafore days that were  
I'd cheerfully give the wealth of the land  
To walk through the glen once more with her,  
Softly held by her little hand."

The fire's crackle was jolly to hear,  
The wind was yowling in the tree;  
We thought Uncle Hal was very queer  
As he talked to Jack and me.

O'Neill Latham.



# THE WIDOW'S SON.

ONCE UPON a time there was an old widow who had a son called Jack. They were miserably poor and Jack could not obtain satisfactory employment—he wanted a job with big pay and little work and he had n't a political pull. So, after the fashion of those days, he went out to seek his fortune. He was extremely kind and courteous to every old woman he met on the road, thinking one of them might be a fairy; but fairies seemed to be scarce that morning. Finally he met a withered old dame carrying a heavy bundle, and he had almost made up his mind to let her keep on carrying it; but, concluding to try his luck again, he approached her with Chesterfieldan politeness and asked if he could not be of service. And she let him carry the bundle two miles and a half. Just as he was about to remember that he had another engagement and could not go any farther in her direction, they reached a small hut and she announced that she was a fairy and would be pleased to show her gratitude for his kindness.

Jack explained that he was seeking his fortune; that what he was looking for was some giant with an ancient castle, with gold, silver and diamonds and things like that, and a magic sword, or something of that sort, which would enable him to kill the giant and appropriate the treasure without trouble or inconvenience to himself.

"Well," said the fairy, "there are but three giants in my domain. The first is a two-headed monster who was once enormously wealthy, but he has been dabbling in stocks and for some time he has been on the wrong side of the market."

"We'll pass him," said Jack; "I'm not killing giants for my health."

"The second," said the fairy, "is a rural giant, who also had vast treasures, and he was guarded by a fiery dragon, but he and the dragon went to town recently and they fell into the hands of the bunco men."

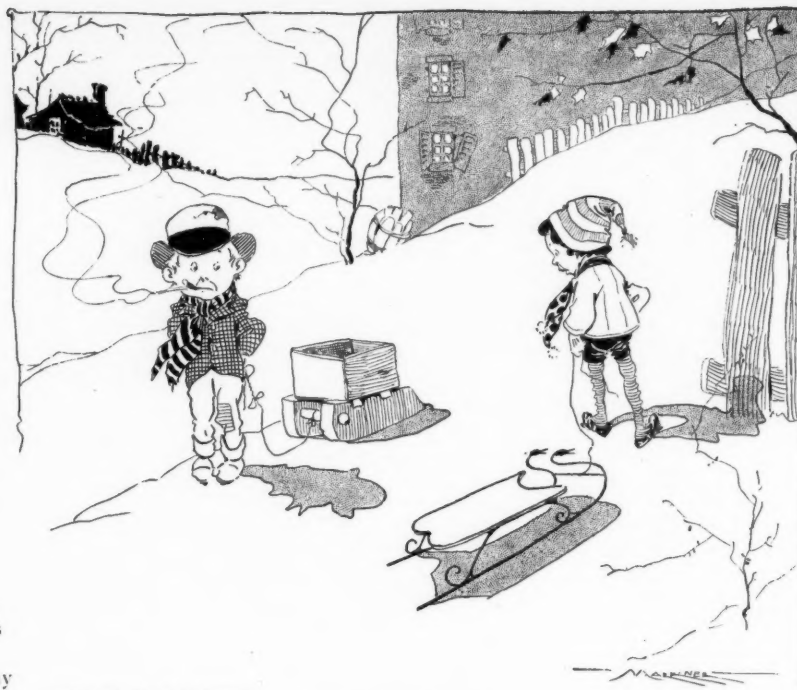
"Good heavens!" said Jack. "And what sort of a hard-luck story has the third?"

"The third," said the fairy, "has a hen that lays a golden egg every day, but he has an extravagant wife and four extravagant daughters."

"Poor fellow!" said Jack, wiping away a tear; "he needs the hen. I hate to bother him—he has trouble enough."

"That's what I think," said the fairy.

"But what is to become of poor Ma?" said Jack.



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## HUMAN NATURE.

CHIMMIE. } My! that's just the kind of a sled I always wanted!  
REGINALD. }

"As I understand it," said the fairy, "your mother is a poor, old widow?"

"That's right," said Jack.

"Well, then, take this wand. I am going to take a six-months' vacation and will not need it for the present. Touch your mother with it and she will be transformed into a pretty young widow. As she will not care to stay at home after the transformation, take also this cloak of swiftness, which will transport her wherever she wishes to go.

Return the wand to me at the end of six months and tell me what has happened."

"Thank you very kindly," said Jack.

At the end of six months he met the fairy and returned the wand. She was no longer masquerading as an old woman; in fact, she did n't look a day over nineteen. And Jack was dressed like a fashion plate.

"Well?" said the fairy.

"It was a great scheme," said Jack. "As soon as Ma became a pretty young widow she transported herself to a fashionable watering place and married a multi-millionaire. Since then we've been living on the fat of the land."

And Jack, then and there, proposed to the fairy, but she said she could only be a sister to him. And they lived happily ever afterward.

## TWILIGHT'S CALM HOUR.

"Pa, what is the gloaming?"

"The gloaming, little Jim, is that time o' day when your poor Pa falls over every chair and table in the house, trying to find a match."

## LENDEMAIN.

"Eat, drink, and work your will," a sage once said,  
"Since when to-morrow dawns, you may be dead."  
But reckless followers found the keenest sorrow  
Was then to be obliged to live the morrow.

PENNER.—I have an idea for a new paper to circulate only among editors.

SPACER.—What do you propose to print in it.

PENNER.—The bright things that editors appreciate themselves but reject because they are above the heads of the public.

MANY A MAN has secured a pull by taking Time by the forelock.

A MAN'S capacity for love, and his capacity for love-making, are often in inverse proportion to each other.



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## GETTING TIRED.

THE KITTEN.—We're playing church; but if divine services don't end soon there'll be trouble in the congregation; and I'll be the cause of it, too!





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# AT THE BAL MASQUE.

WHERE CHRISTMAS masque and ball proclaim  
The revelry of lord and dame;  
And powder, patch and ruff convey  
The glamour of a long-past day;

There, in her courtly guise arrayed,  
A stately, stiffly costumed maid,  
With high-heeled slippers balanced o'er  
By hair piled à la Pompadour,

Moves she I love. I scarce believe  
It is the girl of yester eve,  
Until beneath the mistletoe  
I find that it is really so.

Edwin L. Sabin.

A SERPENTINE EXPEDIENT.

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I.

I.  
LA-ZI-BA-BO. — Say, dis am de toughest job de King ever stuck me wid! Carry all dem logs to de willage. I can't carry more 'n one at a time an' dere 's ten logs; dat means ten trips!



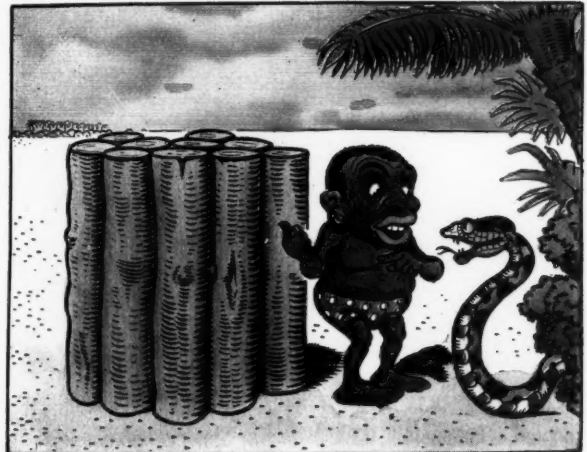
II.

II.  
"Ise 'll be dead 'fore I finish dat job! Oh! here 's my fren' Willy Boa again. Say, Willy, see what a fix I 'm in? Can't yo' help me out fer savin' yo' from dat snake-skin hunter?"



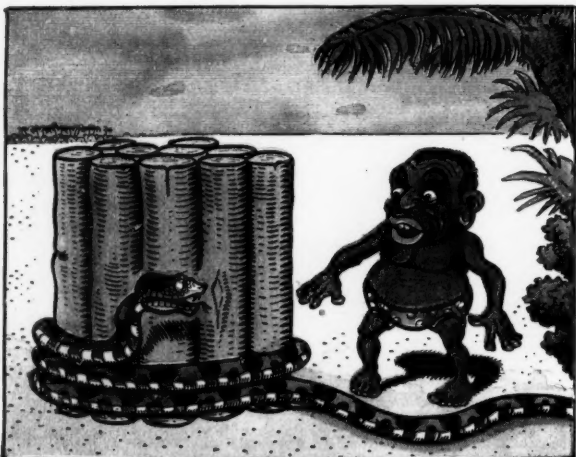
III.

III.  
"What? Stand all de logs up on dere ends? Dat way do yo' mean?"



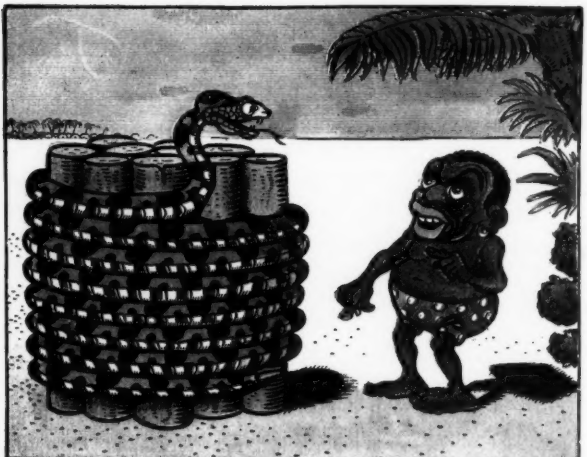
IV.

IV.  
"Well, dere dey all are! wha' next?"



V.

V.  
"Yo' 'll do de rest, will yo'? Wha' in de world am yo' up to, anyway?"



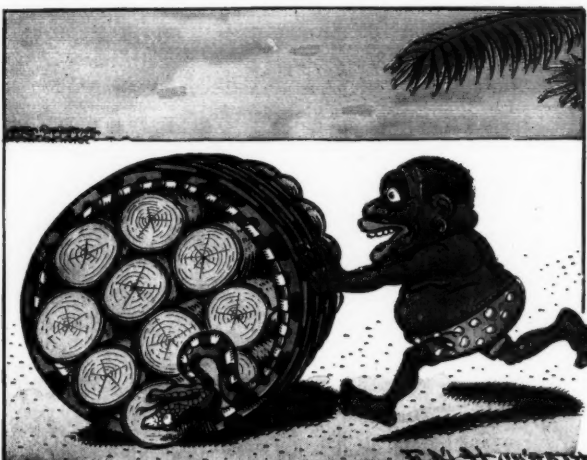
VI.

VI.  
"Throw the whole thing over on its side, did you say?"



VII.

VII.  
"Dere yo' are! Oh, I see de game! I see de game! Run de load on rubber tires. Hoop la!"



VIII.

VIII.  
"Now we's off! And all down-hill, too. Willy Boa, yo's 'll hab a pan ob milk fo' dis trick. Keep de ball roll-in'!"

F.M. HONORABLE





# SANTA CLAUS LETTERS.

TO SANTA CLAUS good children write  
And tell him all the presents they  
Would have him bring upon the night  
That's followed by their brightest day.

When Santa Claus these notes receives  
He reads them and his pleasure wakes;  
And though the whirlwind round him grieves  
With honest merriment he shakes;

Then tears the letters bit by bit  
And flings them wildly here and there;  
And, as they through the still air flit,  
They turn to snowflakes carven rare.

And when the little girls and boys  
Before their bulging stockings pause  
They know, brimful of many joys,  
Their letters reached old Santa Claus.

R. K. Munkittrick.

## TWO LITTLE STORIES.

"Tee! hee!" cackled the Old Codger's nephew, joyously. "I have got one for you, Uncle!"

"Har? What's that? What's that?" snorted the old man, starting from his doze. "What have you got? One what?"

"A funny little story to tell you, Uncle. Once on a time, a frog, a goose, a sheep and a skunk went to the circus together, and when they got there all of 'em were able to pay their way in, except the skunk; and he had to crawl under the canvas. You see, the frog had a—hee! hee!—greenback with him; the goose had a good-sized bill; the sheep had four quarters; but the poor old skunk had only a scent—and that was a bad one. See the—tee! hee!—point, Uncle? Scent, cent, you—"

"Aw, yes, I see!" snarled the veteran, gripping his staff, firmly. "Very funny story; funnier than a fit, I shu'd judge? But, here, now, I'll tell you one, and we'll just see if you can ketch the point as quick as your uncle did. Once on a time, there was a boy who thought he was smart, when in reality he was only just painful,—this was n't so very long ago, either,—and he got the notion stuck in his head that it would be funny in him to come gigglin' around and wakin' his middle-aged uncle out of the only doze he'd had all day, on account of the everlastin' gnawin' and hectorin' of his rheumatism, by springin' some fool-yarn on him about some fool-critters that went to a fool-circus, and acted the fool gener'ly when they got there! At the same time, there was a pile of dry stuff out in the shed that was just beggin' and pleadin' to be split up into kindlin's and brought into the house and piled beside the woodbox in the kitchen in a sufficient quantity to last over Sunday, and if that boy had n't, did n't, or don't, do or done so, his uncle will, did, or would have, grabbed or



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## AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

THE JESTER.—Odds Fish! I wonder how I can make a joke out of this?



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## MUTUAL SURPRISE.

THE CIRCUIT RIDER.—Why, Mrs. Goode! I did n't expect to meet you going to another church!

MRS. GOODE.—And I—I did n't expect to meet you, sir!

grab up his hick'ry cane, and forgot, forgot, or forgettin' his rheumatism, wrap, break, or bend it, as the case may be, or might have been, over your back till you learn to respect age, sleep and misery, you young rascal! See the point? Har?"

Tom P. Morgan.

## HIS OPINION.

"This world would be a better one,"  
Sighed little Johnny Felt,  
"If we could mow the snow for fun  
And leave the grass to melt."

## ONE BETTER.

BRIGGS.—I spent a week preparing my last after-dinner speech, and then I could n't remember a word of it.

GRIGGS.—That's nothing! The morning after my last one I could n't remember a word of it.

## A PHRENOLOGICAL PARADOX.

THE PHRENOLOGIST.—These bumps indicate intelligence, logical accuracy, the power of thinking correctly —  
CUSTOMER.—I see! If a man has those bumps he has a level head.

VIRTUE IS its own reward, but most people think it should offer greater inducements.

IT IS nonsense for any woman to say she "would n't marry So-and-So if he were the last man on earth." She would, if only to score over the other women.





IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

HIS YOUNG FRIEND. — Then you would advise a man to buy property on Broadway?  
THE BURGER. — Most surely, I would! The soil is excellent for cabbages and potatoes.

#### THE TELESEME.

MR. FAROFF was not familiar with the workings of the teleseme, so when the bell-boy had left him and his baggage in the cigar-box-like apartment labeled 972 on the outside of the door, he examined the dial on the wall with a good deal of interest. He read attentively around the face of it, craning his head sidewise as the words stood wrong end up or slanted, and marveled at the many things he could have promptly delivered to him through the proper manipulation of the machine; indeed, he almost reached the conclusion that if the hotel people could find some way to supply ready-made shaves to order, a man with a broken leg might manage to get well in that room with comparative comfort and convenience.

He was anxious to try the machine, but at that moment could not think of anything in particular that he wanted; however, ice-water never came amiss, so he decided to call for it. He carefully turned the pointer around to the proper place, pushed the button and waited.

Presently he heard footsteps—soft thuds on the thick carpet of the hall—and a moment later there was a knock at his door. He expectantly called out "Come in!" and a bell-boy entered and set a pitcher of ice-water on the table.

Mr. Faroff's opinion of the teleseme as a labor-saver was very high. He speculated on the inventive genius and patient study it must have required to perfect the device, and incidentally on the enormous income its inventor must derive from it. This turned his thoughts toward business matters and made him wish for an evening paper, that he might look over the market reports.

Ah! the teleseme! It must provide for such a want—and it did! He turned the pointer confidently around to where the words "Evening Sun" were printed on the dial, pressed the button, and then sat down to await the delivery of the paper. Soon he heard the muffled footsteps again, then the knock at the door, and he almost held out his hand for the paper as he bade the boy enter. When the boy entered he set a pitcher of ice-water on the table.

Mr. Faroff was so confounded that he allowed the boy to leave the room without inquiring of him how the mistake occurred. He could not understand it. He had been very careful, but he must have made a mistake. This seemed rather improbable, as "ice-water" and "Evening Sun" were at least two inches apart on the dial. Of course, he might have misread the words on the dial and put the pointer in the wrong place, but he could not believe he had. In his mind's eye he could even now see where he had set the pointer, and it was right at the proper place. The

more he thought of it the more he was puzzled; so he concluded to give it another trial.

As he was rather tired from his day's journey he decided to have a light lunch in his room and go to bed. The teleseme's bill-of-fare was not elaborate, but he found he could get coffee and rolls, so he set the pointer for them, pushed the button and waited. He had used great care in manipulating the machine, and felt confident that there would be no mistake. In due time the bell-boy came. But not with coffee and rolls. He brought the usual pitcher of ice-water and set it on the table.

Mr. Faroff now had three pitchers of ice-water on his table and the boy seemed inclined to regard him suspiciously. When he was again alone he went over to the teleseme and examined it carefully. He read over the words on the dial without missing one, and then read the directions twice. He certainly knew how to operate the machine according to instructions, but for some reason it would not yield the desired results. He read over the dial again until he came to the word "cocktail." That, he thought, was certainly used often enough for the machine to make no mistake about it. And then a little stimulant like that would n't be a bad thing for his nerves, as he was becoming slightly irritated by his failure to make the machine work properly.

He carefully adjusted the pointer so the end of it was exactly on the word "cocktail." Then he examined the machine carefully, and reread the directions. Convinced that he was all right this time, he pushed the button. As he sat waiting for the answer he was in a state of mingled hope, fear and annoyance. He was fast losing his confidence in the teleseme; and as he looked at the three water pitchers on the table, he felt that if the machine did n't register his wants properly this time the clerk in the hotel office might feel some doubts as to his condition and send a patrolman instead of the "bracer."

Thud, thud, thud, thud! came the boy's footsteps; then the knock at the door. There was suppressed excitement in Mr. Faroff's voice as he told the boy to enter.

And that uniformed automaton stepped into the room with an apprehensive look in his eye, and a pitcher of ice-water in his hand!

Mr. Faroff, who had half-risen, expectantly, sank back into his chair exhausted while the boy stood and stared at him. Slowly fishing a quarter from his pocket and handing it to the boy, he said: "I don't think I'll need any more ice-water to-night. Tell the clerk that if I ring again he is not to pay any attention to it, as it will merely be an announcement that I am coming down after what I want."

Wood Levette Wilson.



# THE PIGGITY-NIG.

A Piggity-Nig  
Had a golden gig  
To ride from here to there;  
He went back and forth,  
From South to North,  
He traveled everywhere.

But the more he rode  
The more it snowed,  
Till he said: "I think it's best  
To change my course,"  
So he turned his horse  
And traveled from East to West.

Carolyn Wells.

## WHAT REALLY HAPPENED.

CÆSAR'S GHOST.—I will meet you at Philippi.

BRUTUS.—Thanks, old fellow! I'd like to have an opportunity for a thorough scientific investigation.

## A DESCRIPTION.

CLARA.—What sort of person is she?

BLANCHE.—Oh! she's one of those intellectual women—ideas away ahead of the times and clothes away behind.

## IT DID NOT FOLLOW.

DEALER.—There is practically no demand for the book.

FRIEND.—You can't sell it, eh?

DEALER.—Oh, yes! We have good canvassers.

## ENVIUS.

FIRST SON OF THE REVOLUTION.—My ancestors melted down the family plate to aid the cause.

SECOND SON OF THE REVOLUTION.—Well, I suppose pewter made as good bullets as lead.

PRECEDENT is a most convenient peg to hang our misdoings on.

RITUALISM GIVES a fluffy effect that serves to cover up much scrawniness.

MAN IS but a worm of the dust, and every girl is willing to play the part of the early bird.

THE DISADVANTAGE of being hard to please lies in the possibility that other people may stop trying.

## THE REJECTED LOVER AND THE MAIDEN WHO CHANGED HER MIND.—A ROMANCE.

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I.



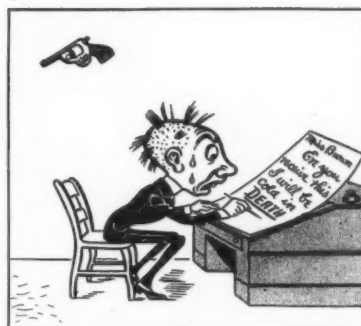
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III.



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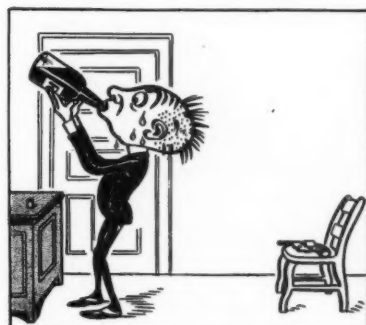
V.



VI.



VII.



VIII.



IX.



X.



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## "SETTING IT TO MUSIC."

## SLANDER.

"This is too much!"

Richard Rimington had just cause to be indignant. As he stood before the girl of his choice and took in the full meaning of the disclosure she had made to him, it required on his part a strong effort at self-control. "And so," he continued, with a touch of irony, "your father has told you that I would n't be able to support you for a year?"

He buried his face in his hands and remained silent for a long time.

"My darling," he said at last, the fine, sensitive lines of his face betraying the keenest emotion, "if your father had looked me up as carefully as it was his duty to do, he would have discovered that I have money enough to keep us going at least eighteen months."

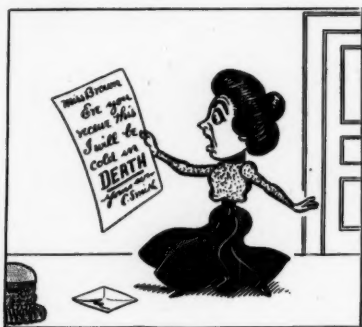
Tom Masson.

THE IMPORTANT fact that the rolling stone gathers no moss seems to have made no impression whatever on the suburban cook.

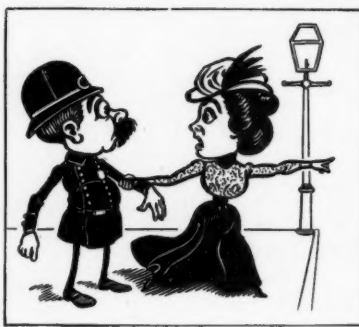
THE REJECTED LOVER AND THE MAIDEN WHO CHANGED HER MIND.—A ROMANCE. (Concluded.)



XI.



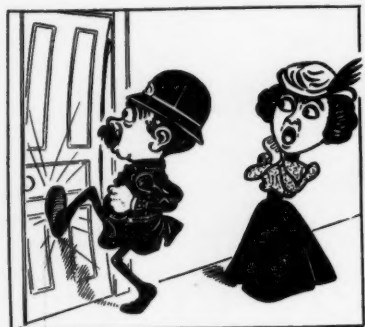
XII.



XIII.



XIV.



XV.



XVI.



XVII.



XVIII.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

"By mighty!" ejaculated Farmer Honk, looking up from his newspaper. "Here's a patent medicine that I'll bet is all right!"

"What makes ye think so?" asked his wife. "They are all praised up to the skies in the advertisements."

"I know that, but this 'n is different from all the rest! The doctor that makes it says that whoever finds anything in it that is injurious to health will be given half-a-dozen bottles free gratis, for nothin'."

That's fair enough, an' I jest believe I'll buy a bottle of it, the next time I go to town!"



XIX.

ON THE ANIMAL DECK.

(Lines written to while away the time during the voyage of the Ark.)

The Lion is the King of Beasts,  
The Donkey is the Jack,  
Stern Salic law bars out a Queen,  
And Wolves make up the Pack.  
P. S.—The Monkey is the Joker.

PLACING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

SMITH.—No; I never could understand spoken French. I think it was partly my teacher's fault.

ROBINSON.—What was the matter with him?

SMITH.—He spoke it too fluently.

BEFORE THE PANTOMIME.

THE ACTRESS.—This is not an easy part, Puss!

PUSS.—Poor thing! She won't be able to say a word for three hours!

SLIGHTLY SARCASTIC.

"It was no fool job, I assure you!"

"Ah! Then, you failed to accomplish it?"

IT FRIGHTENED HIM.

FORRESTER.—I had a terrible scare last night.

LANCASTER.—How was that?

FORRESTER.—The baby suddenly stopped crying and I thought I had lost my hearing.

WHAT HE MEANT.

JOHNNY.—I like these in'structible toys.

UNCLE BEN.—In'structible toys?

What can you teach them?

JOHNNY.—In'structible toys—ones that don't break easy.

A LEISURE OCCUPATION.

"What's a dyspeptic, Aunt Julia?"

"A dyspeptic? Why, he's a man that gets so much time for his meals that he can stop eating to find fault with every dish on the table."

THERE ARE few feelings of satisfaction that equal that of getting more than your money's worth.

THE SWEETNESS of revenge is not infrequently followed by a dyspeptic acidity of the conscience.

GOING HER ONE BETTER.

MRS. HOIGHTY.—One of my ancestors was on the "Mayflower."

MRS. TOIGHTY.—Really? And one of mine was on the Ark!

MAXIMS.

In keeping house, dear Phyllis,

These maxims oft recall:—

Never cross a bridge till you reach it,  
And never cross a Bridget at all.



DID N'T WANT TO BE BUNCOED.

PIRATE.—We are taking the treasure to the cave, Chief!

CHIEF.—How do you know it's treasure? Has the box been opened?

PIRATE.—No, Chief!

CHIEF.—Then, open it this minute, you farmers! How do you know it is n't sawdust or gold bricks?





### INVITATION TO THE WATER-FRONT.

ON some convenient avenin', whin your time is not bespoken,  
 And whin you wish to ate a bit, and sit awhile and shnoke,  
 It's down along the wather-front that you and me must go  
 And pathronize the best resort that man would care to know.  
 For all it's hid so far away amid the docks and ships,  
 It's finer nor the risaraunts ferriest the ferry ships;  
 And whin you see its fancy sign and windys thrimmed wid lace,  
 You'll folly me wid plisure into Reilly's Oyster Place.

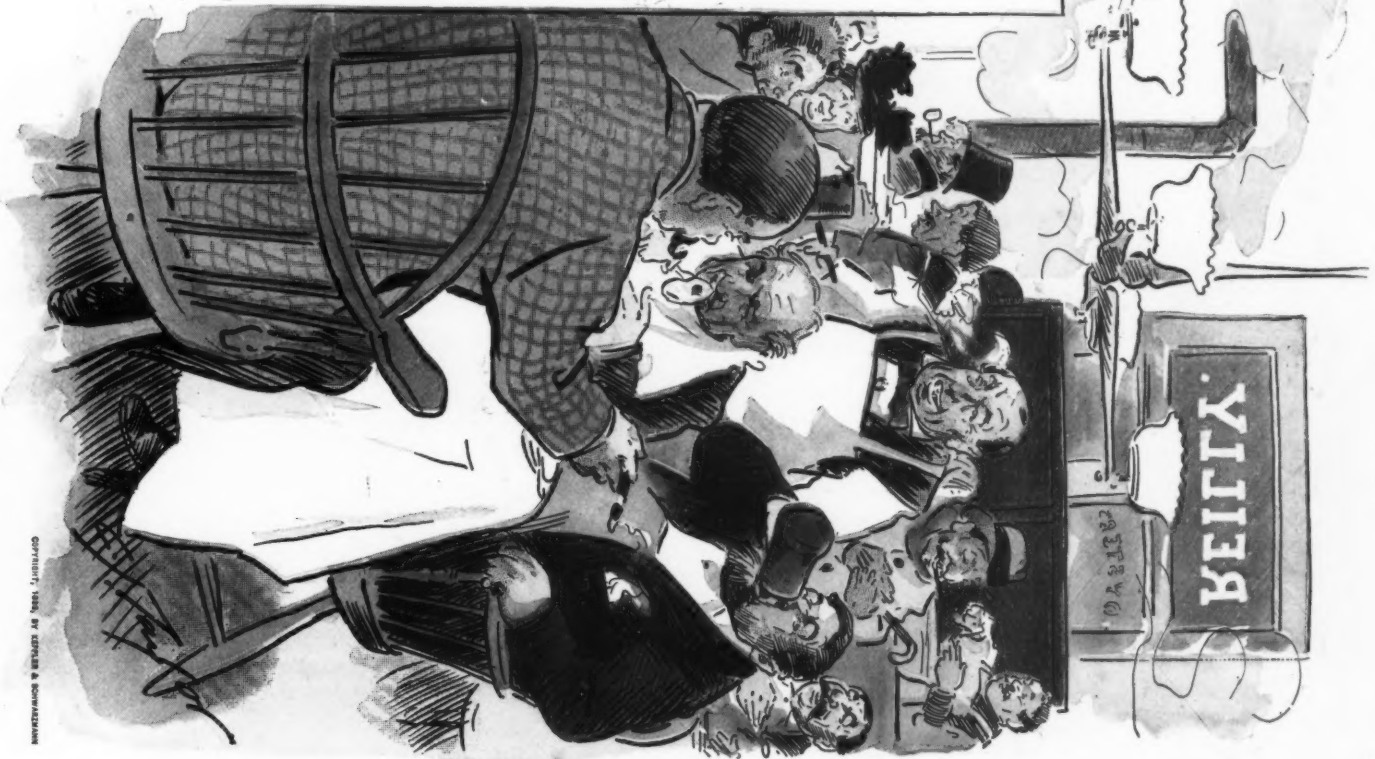
An honest mon is Reilly, and he's very clever, too;  
 He's fitted for his line of thrade, and knows it t'rough and t'rough;  
 For he's been servin' oysters all his life, as wan may say,  
 Although in the beginnin' it was in a modest way;  
 But iver since he sold him he has always kept thim frish,  
 And iver had a speck of dirt on anny fork or dish;  
 So annywan that has a head can very aisy thrace  
 The way that Reilly built him up his prisent Oyster Place.

Yis, illigant he has it now; there's a cairpet on the flure,  
 There's lookin'-glasses front and back, and screens ferriest the dure;  
 And as for sellin' oysters—sure, you ought to see the trucks  
 Come backin' up there wanst a week to cairt away the shucks!  
 But though he's that successful, Reilly niver makes a fuss,  
 You'd niver think him anny more than anny wan of us;  
 And all the lads are welcome now, as iver was the case,  
 To sit and shpind the avenin' in his plisant Oyster Place.

A night that's chilly brings thim in—a night of fog and rain,  
 Whin wind from off the river slaps ag'in' the windy pane;  
 They git the corner table, thin, and gather all about,  
 Wid oysters of the choicest, and wid mugs of ale and shnout.  
 Begorra! though they're growin' gray they've got the gift of youth,  
 And common sinse to justify some triffin' wid the truth;  
 Your hart would hop wid plisure, sure, and shmiles would hide your face  
 To hear the blarney bubble up in Reilly's Oyster Place.

Now, that's the sort of atin'-house that's not so aisy beat,  
 And that's the kind of company it's worth your while to meet;  
 So, whin you find yoursel' in mind, and have the time to spare,  
 It's me that more than plaised will be to inthrouce you there;  
 And wanst you get to droppin' in, I give you now me word,  
 You'll like it even bether than you thought from what you heard;  
 And find you're doin' little else with half so good a grace  
 As walkin' down the wather-front to Reilly's Oyster Place.

H. A. Cronell.



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## SUSCEPTIBLE.



ARE YOU the love that I gave to her,  
To have and cherish—her heart to sway,  
As she expressed it? I pray you, sir,  
Explain the reason you did n't stay."  
"Oh! please, dear master, excuse my haste  
In thus returning. I would have staid—  
The place was dressed in the best of taste—  
But such things happened I grew afraid.

"I'd been there just for a day or two,  
When, zipp! an arrow tore through her heart,  
And made a breach like I entered through;  
By great exertion I caulked the part  
In time to stop that invader; but  
Before I'd settled myself to rest,  
A second shaft from The Archer cut  
Its passage into the lady's breast.

"When that was stoppered I went to bed.  
The morning following, as I rose,  
In flew another—just missed my head;  
And then another scraped past my toes.  
So I decided at that, 'This spot  
Is too exposed,' and I came away.  
Don't you think, master, there might be got  
A safer bosom where I could stay?"

Layton Brewer.

## THE STRAW AND THE CAMEL.

Once upon a time an Arab approached his camel in much anxiety of spirit.

"This, O Camel!" he said, "is the last straw! As you know, it is supposed to break your back, but I'm going to take the responsibility of feeding it to you!"

Accordingly the camel partook of the straw, and presently died of indigestion, complicated with appendicitis.

This fable teaches how hard it is to thwart destiny.

## QUEER

If you meet a friend who says, "Had a great game last night—played till 3 A. M.," you can bet your wad he made a winning. But if you meet the same man a week later and he remarks, "Great Scott! this staying up nights is killing me—played till 3 A. M.," you know, then, he lost.

## AT THE PLAY.

SHE.—This must be the benevolent old uncle who has been missing for five years.

HE (*who has seen the play before*).—Yes. Unfortunately, he will not be missing during the remainder of the play.

## IN THE COURT OF QUEEN BESS.

"And Her Majesty was greatly pleased when Sir Walter spread his cloak before her?"

"No one could be more pleased, except Sir Walter's tailor."

## NOT EXACTLY WHAT HE MEANT.

MAMA (*before he went out*).—Take care you don't go where the ice is thin, Johnny.

JOHNNY (*cheerfully*).—Oh! I'll get through all right!

## HE WOULD NOT FACE IT.

The burglar paused and listened.

"I hear some one in the house," said the male voice. "Where is my pistol?"

"But it is n't loaded, John," said the female voice. The burglar, realizing his danger, fled.

## HIS LIMITATIONS.

"Our minister is a very good old man. I have no doubt that he has saved many souls, but he has n't reduced the mortgage."

"I see! He has had an artistic but not a financial success."



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SOAPS



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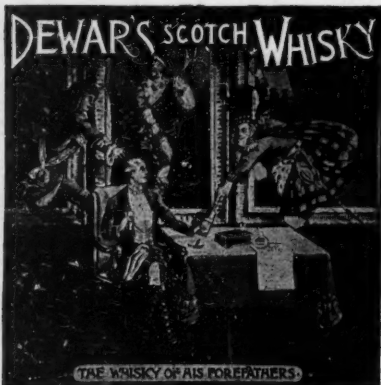
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## WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!



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DEC. 24TH.

WEARY.—Yes, children; I'm Santa Claus! Run on in de house now, or I won't put a t'ing in dese stockin's!



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JOHNNY.—Well, Mama, they did n't cost *you* anything, any how!

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SECOND BIRD.—I wonder what he does it for?  
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Cure  
The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.  
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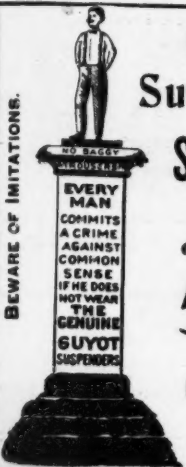
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MISS MARY ROBERTS.

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### OUR EXPERIENCE.

Though Eve was made from Adam's rib,

If that we may believe,  
We find it takes more bones than one  
To make a Christmas Eve.

### WOULD N'T DO ANYTHING.

TORPID TOMMY.—If yer had a million dollars wot would yer do?

SLUGGISH SAMMY.—What would I do? I guess yer mean what would I don't, don't yer?

IT was a lucky day for this country when George Washington chose his father's cherry tree rather than his mother's oleander.

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THE OLD LAWYER.—The first thing to do is to convince yourself thoroughly that your client is innocent.

THE YOUNG LAWYER.—But suppose you know him to be guilty? Is n't it a hard matter then?

THE OLD LAWYER.—Therein, my son, lies the test of a smart lawyer.

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MISS SAISO.—Oh! that's an "old flame" of hers!

MISS DEWITTE.—An "old flame"? He does seem on the verge of going out!

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MAMA.—Would n't you like to give Papa something for Christmas?

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If YOU can't manage to look rapt at the piano recital, the next best thing is to look daggers at anybody else who does n't look rapt.

YOU MAY not be able to lay up anything for a rainy day, but if you can keep your credit gilt-edged it will be just about as serviceable.

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<b>Flavor</b>	<u>Age</u>	<b>Uniformity</b>
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